

NOTICE: Next week and every week thenceforward the REVIEW will contain a signed article by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel; the issue of 3 January will also contain the first article in a "Survey of the Higher Schools of England".

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Archbishop of Canterbury died at Lambeth Palace on Tuesday morning in his eighty-third year. Not only for those dear to and around him must the loss for awhile be unrealisable—as was the case when Coleridge died—but to a multitude who have heard him preach and speak, kept in touch even slightly with his life's work. And if Coleridge's death seemed so great a loss to men of understanding, how much more that of Dr. Temple. In the one case was a man absolutely supreme in intellect, to whom the epithet he himself used of Shakespeare might not be unfittingly applied, and weak to contempt in character; in the other, one who used every ounce of brain and vitality for the service of his country and fellow-men. Dr. Temple expended labour on the scale of those few of whom, if we recollect rightly, Mr. Gladstone used the phrase "colossal humanity". How extraordinary were his activities is even illustrated by the fact that not a few most important acts and controversies in his half-century of public life have to-day hardly the fame they would have, had his career been on a smaller scale. The great man tends to obscure so much in his past life that in a lesser would remain famous. Marlborough, for instance, to most is simply thought of through Blenheim. Thus it is that the episode of the "Essays and Reviews", that stirred men so, is to-day scarcely mentioned except by the curious. It is forgotten—the speedy fate in store, we hope, for the jarring ritualist controversy of to-day. To judge by the anecdotes and idle chatter which go round the press to-day concerning Dr. Temple, we might imagine that he was little but a forceful vulgarian. The only fine and final thing said in pages of "special memoirs" is a quotation from Archbishop Benson—"he would not do or say anything in order that men should think well of him". It is as convincing as what Dr. Temple himself said of Queen Victoria—that thousands were leading better lives because of her example.

Both the British and German Governments show a readiness to accept President Castro's suggestion that President Roosevelt should arbitrate. So far he has shown himself a little shy of the burden of the honour;

and his reluctance is an added hint that the Monroe doctrine gets no acknowledgment from the suggestion. If he were acknowledged as potential owner and actual policeman of South America, he would scarcely be accepted as the least prejudiced of arbitrators. His qualifications for the post are a personal reputation for honesty and common sense and a local knowledge. The Hague Tribunal might challenge him on the point of honesty, but it could not compete in knowledge and we have no excuse for expecting common sense from sentimental pundits. Arbitration is useless unless it works rapidly; and for this reason alone the arbitration must come from America, whether from the States or Mexico. It is conceivable that President Roosevelt may refuse, but as the suggestion came from President Castro himself and was backed by Mr. Bowen he can have no political scruple; and one does not expect of him timidity or fear of responsibility or the calculation of a trimmer.

Unhappily there is a growing objection in the States to President Roosevelt accepting the position and it is not likely to decrease because it is wholly unreasonable. In the interim the blockade of Guayras continues. Two Venezuelan schooners and three sloops have been captured; and there has been some dispute about the right exercised by the Italian warship to stop the entry of an American vessel. It was of course understood that the blockade was to be as "pacific" as its strictness allowed; but such small mistakes must come about where several nationalities are concerned. It is estimated that Venezuela cannot for want of food hold out more than a fortnight more; and it seems possible that the delay in finding an arbitrator may be prolonged to that extent. What satisfaction will follow the successful starvation of a bankrupt President out of his contumacy is a question as doubtful as the result of the success of the concert of Powers in China.

The Poet-Laureate has passed from leading articles to verse. Mr. Kipling, and his state is the worse, has passed from verse to leading article. It is a pity that he should have written such verses as "The Rowers" in the "Times". It was vulgar and it was bitter. In the eyes of foreigners Mr. Kipling is regarded as the national poet and his reputation should prevent him, even if he has no regard for the sanctity of poetry, from thus deliberately embittering national sentiment. The German press, it is true, showed a strange venom and disregard of truth in its abuse of Britain during the war. But is this a reason why we should wish to make perennial

a passing passion? The German Emperor and his Government neither helped nor encouraged our enemies and with the German Government we have every reason to be in friendship. The "Times" that printed the poem took exception to some of its phrases, at the same time that it gave the weight of its reputation to the advertisement of the venomous sentiments. It is a disastrous alliance that the paper, rightly taken as the most representative of the country, perhaps the most powerful in the world, and the "poet" who is making most noise in the world, should join to throw such loose attributes as Goth and Hun at a neighbouring nation which leads the world in scientific knowledge, and is naturally able to co-operate with this country towards many ends.

By the completion of his arrangements with the Nizam concerning the Haidarabad Assigned Districts of Berar Lord Curzon has laid at rest a question which for half a century has been a chronic source of friction between the Imperial Government and its greatest feudatory. This little province, which passed to the Nizam by conquest in 1720 on the break up of the Mughal Empire, was assigned with other territory to the British in 1853 for the maintenance of the troops which the Nizam was bound by treaty to support. Since then the Haidarabad contingent has practically formed an integral part of the British Army but has been tied to its cantonment at Sikandrabad. The surplus revenues of Berar had under the agreement to be paid over to the Haidarabad treasury. The territory improved so rapidly under British administration that in 1860 a portion of it was restored and as its prosperity still increased, a surplus of varying amount has continued to accrue and been handed over to the Nizam. The adjustment of these accounts has always been an invidious task while the conditions of the assignment were not conducive to economy and tied down the contingent troops in an undesirable way. The Assigned Districts have now been leased in perpetuity to the British Government for 25 lakhs yearly and the restrictions on the contingent removed. All parties benefit by this arrangement. The finances of Haidarabad receive a welcome addition. It will now be possible to amalgamate Berar with the Central Provinces, a measure of both efficiency and economy, and gradually to incorporate the contingent in the Indian Army.

The so-called official communiqué of the Russian Government to its Press, on Central Asian affairs, is an effort in the best style of Russian diplomacy. On the Afghan frontier question, after treating the delimitation of 1895 as a "cession" of territory which Russia never possessed and in return for which she imposed on England neutrality which we never desired to violate, the inspired communication says "as regards Russia's relations with Afghanistan, it is necessary to declare that Russia addressed no request of any sort to the British Cabinet but simply notified it of her desire and purpose to enter into direct relations with Afghanistan in the future". If this means anything it means that Russia took the opportunity of the blackest moment of the Boer war to denounce her previous understandings and declarations which placed Afghanistan outside the sphere of Russian influence and activity. The present assertion has now to be reconciled with Lord Cranborne's recent statement that communications had been received from S. Petersburg proposing that direct relations should be established between Russia and Afghanistan with respect to frontier matters. The matter is too serious to be left where it is. What is wanted now is a declared policy. It should be clearly understood that any active attempt to force direct relations on Afghanistan would be treated by England as an unfriendly act and the Amir should know in unmistakable terms that the acceptance of such measures on his part would bring on him the fate of Sher Ali.

Mr. Chamberlain has arrived at Zanzibar and has repeated there a good deal of his Mombasa speech; and one can see that the gist of it was prepared before he left England. It is not a sentimental journey that

he has been making. For example a good many people were puzzled why the subsidies commission made an exception in favour of a subsidised line of steamers to East Africa. Mr. Chamberlain has made the reason for the exception quite clear. The property of Zanzibar is great and business is brisk, but it is getting more and more into the hands of other nations. There are two remedies for this according to Mr. Chamberlain. He urged the British merchants, after the motto of a more illustrious tourist, to exert themselves, to wake up; and after his exhortation held out hope that they would presently have to help them a subsidised service of steamers. Perhaps it will be found to be the chief value of the system of subsidies that they will give help to the initial capturing of markets, not to the enhancement of established business; and this is the moral both of Mr. Chamberlain's speech and of the Subsidies Commission.

The questions left to the consideration of the Admiralty Committee on Mercantile Cruisers were strictly limited in scope. The report now issued is the more valuable on that account, since it does not include matter which might involve the further question as to the use to which such vessels would be put in war time. Attention is drawn to the tabulated figures which clearly show the enormous progressive cost at which each additional knot is gained. Putting the question of annual subsidy aside—on a rough calculation—it is possible to obtain two ships of twenty-one knots for each one of twenty-four. Lord Brassey, to judge from his speech at Liverpool, seems to think the function of mercantile cruisers is that of acting as reserve vessels in time of war. What useful object would be served by keeping these ships armed with 4.7 guns for reserve purposes? Fast merchant vessels will be required to help the food supply; we must not put a fatuous trust in foreign enterprise. These ships running on defined war routes would overhaul at regular intervals their slower and weaker commercial sisters, lend them indirect protection and thus serve to keep the trade route open and relieve to some extent the professional cruisers. If we take this view, two cruisers of twenty-one knots would appear to be better value for the same money than one of twenty-four. The intervals being shorter, the opportunities for obtaining the latest intelligence along any given line would be more numerous. An enemy, though of greater speed, would probably not get away far with her prize before she found herself an object of chase.

Just a year ago a sibilant noise, so it was asserted by Marconi and denied by others, was hissed across the Atlantic. Now a real press message has come, by what may be called the over-sea route, from Newfoundland to Cornwall. One was received and answered on Sunday and another on Monday. That it was a bona-fide press message is proved by its exceeding foolishness. The aerial, or more correctly aetheral, vibrations are such as appeal to the imagination of the least imaginative. They give this scientific hypothesis of æther a real meaning to the amateur and some of our greatest men of science have been stimulated by the suggestiveness of aerial telegraphy to study what are sometimes called thought-waves. Nevertheless when Mr. Cartwright called the invention the greatest triumph of modern science he was causing the æther to vibrate with a gross hyperbole. Mr. Marconi is a distinguished man, but he is not a Newton or a Darwin. He deserves all praise for his invention or application; and he seems likely to get a sort of immortality for it. But an invention is too often confused with a discovery. The apparatus is Mr. Marconi's. His scientific acumen, steady energy and determination have enabled him to win the triumph. But, like nearly all such achievements, it is built on the work of others; and the useful machine has earned the fame which the discovery of the quality in things deserved. One may appreciate Mr. Marconi without forgetting Sir Oliver Lodge.

The Irish Land Conference has adopted the same system as the War Commission: a short précis of business done is issued after each meeting. The Con-

ference has met twice. Lord Dunraven was elected chairman and Mr. Shawe Taylor, who has perhaps put more work into the organisation than anyone else, secretary. One must hope that these eight representatives may reach some valuable conclusion; but it is not of good augury that on the day of the first meeting a letter was received from Lord Rossmore protesting against the inclusion of his name. Mr. Redmond, Mr. O'Brien, Mr. Harrington and Mr. T. W. Russell are perhaps just the four representatives that the tenants would select. But the chief landlords, Lord Rossmore and Lord Barrymore, seem to have made up their minds that the land agitation is political and that therefore discussion is to be avoided. The result of the Conference may change this attitude, but it is a remote hope.

In order of date Mr. Bryce and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman and Lord Rosebery have occupied the Liberal platform since the recess: the latter two spoke on the same evening at Dunfermline and Edinburgh respectively. Sir Henry sighs for the closing of the "Temple of Janus"—a novel classical allusion which must be highly refreshing to Mr. Bryce when he comes across it—but Lord Rosebery is still so belligerent that he must go on urging the non-conformists, if they really are nonconformists, to wreck the Education Bill: no Temple of Janus for him; or at least for the nonconformists, for we must remember he says he does not go to chapel himself. But then Mr. Bryce though he thanks "Dr. Clifford and the other Free Church leaders" for the work they have done, does not "suggest for a moment any policy of wrecking nor that they should do anything by which the interests of education should suffer". Here are the sober Campbell-Bannerman banner and the Rosebery flaring oriflamme opposed to each other again; and which flag will the nonconformists follow?

There are several points of great public interest in the Bank notes forgery case. If the informer Schmidt had not been a traitor, the police would not have discovered the forgers. The treachery of Solomon Barmash placed Bernstein in their hands. It is satisfactory that thieves should betray each other. Next that there are persons at liberty still, though nine have been sent to penal servitude or imprisonment who had a hand in the affair. In the next place the greater bulk of the thirty-three thousand pounds' worth of notes may yet be held by those persons ready to be put into circulation. If they succeed, the general public cannot detect that forged notes are being passed on them. They are so well made that only experts can detect them, or the bank which has a private mark only known to itself. There is quite a general timidity about bank notes at present, and they will be looked on with as much suspicion as oysters and watercress for some time to come until people forget. But perhaps the subject of most public importance was that raised by the judge. He pointed out that all these prisoners were foreigners. They seemed all to have come from Russia. This is a new and very serious aspect of the alien immigration question. It is not said for the first time of late that many of the serious deliberately planned crimes in the East End of London are the work of the foreigners who have settled there in such crowds.

Two years of litigation and of endeavour to show that they were not responsible for the strike on the Taff Vale Railway has only had the result of saddling the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants with responsibility. It is a serious question with the unions how they will meet this new state of things. Their corporate liability is fixed as a matter of law and the Taff Vale case shows that on the facts juries will be ready to place all illegality of individuals to the account of the society. We were going to say, especially when directed as they were by Mr. Justice Wills: but their own prejudices would no doubt have been sufficient. There were undoubtedly wrong things done, such as the advising of breaches of contract. Why could not the contracts at least have been allowed to expire? There was a superfluity of illegality about this. But it would

seem as if the society had been rushed by one of its officers; and it becomes of the most serious importance to have men of high character on the official staff. Another point is that picketing will have to be more clearly defined. Much of what was done went beyond what could in any case be allowed as lawful: but the danger of the law at present is that it is so confused that what should be permitted will be condemned by juries equally with what is not permissible. Whatever else trade unions may do, they should strive to get a review of the present labour laws.

The Penrhyn Quarry dispute has been again brought to public notice by the Board of Trade declining to exercise its powers under the Conciliation Act. It is admitted by all, not less by his workmen than by others, that Lord Penrhyn is an admirable landlord, honourable and desirous of being just, and a good employer as far as intentions go. This may seem to many people decisive of the whole question; but the private virtues of a disputant are quite irrelevant to the merits of a controversy. The point at issue, as stated by the "Times" which may be trusted not to state the case unfavourably to Lord Penrhyn, is that "Lord Penrhyn steadfastly refuses to recognise an organisation called the Quarry Committee". That is the fact. The inference however read into this by the "Times" is by no means implied in the fact. It says that "the Quarry Committee demands the right not to negotiate about definite grievances, but to exercise a general dictation over everybody concerned from the owner downwards". This is wholly unjust. These consequences do not follow at all from the existence of the Quarry Committee, which is wanted to represent the men's side of labour questions before the employer. It is confined wholly to Lord Penrhyn's own quarries and does not introduce outsiders. Lord Penrhyn unfortunately refuses to admit a principle which has been found of the greatest service to employers in the representation and removal of possible causes of dispute.

It is difficult to keep Christmas in many parts of the East End of London. The distress in those parts where the majority are employed in work about the docks and in the ironworks is greater than it has been for ten, perhaps seventeen years. The County Borough of West Ham has made a census of the unemployed and there is unhappily no reason to doubt the figures. In the register kept in the Town Hall are 7,000 names of men seeking work. In the streets of south West Ham so far visited one man in every four is out of work, in north West Ham one man in five and in a few places the percentage is even greater. To those acquainted with the East End in winter it will be superfluous to insist on the absolute misery which this means. The chief reason is the unusual slackness of trade in the port of London. Almost nothing is being done in the factories, in the docks and in shipping goods. The Bishop of Stepney has suggested that any money given for the relief of the people should be sent to the clergy of the parishes. The separate funds now being got up, though the amount will be very inadequate, will do valuable work but it is imperative in this sort of charity that the people who have the local knowledge should have the distribution of the funds.

We believe it may be said without exaggeration that the country loses not lightly by the death of Dr. Stephens, the Dean of Winchester, who was a most strenuous Christian, a scholar of note, and a loving antiquary. Dean Stephens' career at Winchester was not in all ways fortunate. When the controversy in regard to English soldiers and the war took place, it almost seemed as if the strange infatuation known as pro-Boerism were a kind of *damnosa hereditas* of Deans of Winchester. And hardly less unlucky was the outburst against fox-hunting. But the fearlessness of Dean Stephens and his utter sincerity won him secret admirers, we believe, even among his best opponents. He loved Winchester and, like his predecessor, was steeped in its traditions. It is only right that the man chosen for this post should be brilliant as a scholar, and possessed of a fine sense of history.

We are glad to know that Mr. Bodley has just been elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques. There has been some tendency in England to belittle Mr. Bodley's reputation among the Frenchmen whose good opinion is most worth having. He has now been elected a member of the body which is most representative of all schools of thought in France and the two men most nearly concerned in his election, M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the economist and M. Greard, who has for twenty years been rector of the University of France, are representative of singularly divergent views. This honour to Mr. Bodley is not the less a recognition of the historic value of his work because it is also a tribute to the political goodwill between the two countries that by his breadth of view he has helped to increase.

After all M. Vallé's telegrams and machinery, about which he spoke with such pride last week, have produced a result. The Humbert family in spite of the altered beards of the men and the owl-like habits of Madame have been found in Madrid, lodging in a little flat like any common swindlers. They seem to have chosen Spain because once upon a time it did not favour extradition treaties. The enjoyment of the news in Paris, the one place where a sensation is adequately exploited, continues and is likely to grow. The Humberts have lost no time in promising to compromise "the highest in the land" and "a Minister known for his moral standard". The Nationalist press is convinced that M. Vallé is utterly distressed at the success of the detectives. Why the Humberts were not at any rate "shadowed" during their last fortnight in Paris is hard to explain. They were besieged during these days by French journalists; one lady journalist even penetrated to the presence. But the police did not, it seems, begin to get to work till the safe, with its burden of a single button, disclosed its emptiness. There will be a good deal of disappointment if the promised disclosures amount to as little.

The election of Mr. Sclater's son, who is now an official in a natural history museum in the Cape, to succeed his father at the Zoological Gardens will not be universally acceptable. There has been need of drastic reformation any time these last forty years; but the old authorities steadily set themselves against any such changes as have been proposed on the lines sketched in this Review. It is not only in this or that detail, such as the lengthening of the quarters of the bigger beasts, that reform is necessary; but in the whole philosophy of the organisation. Animals, such as the eagles and the foxes, should never be kept where the environment entails misery. The value of a Zoo depends not at all on the number of head. It depends on the truth—which is beauty—of the reproduction of the original state: that is not what we see in many of the cages; but, rather, an imitation of it. To see some of the beasts in the Zoological Gardens is a pain, not a pleasure. As there is to be a change, we should have liked some assurance that it would bring vital benefit to the beasts, for whom the officials exist.

Business has naturally been very limited this week, a holiday spirit having settled on the Stock Exchange. In spite of this the tone keeps quite cheerful, and hopes are freely entertained that the New Year will witness a revival of public interest in markets. Tenders will be received at the chief cashier's office at the Bank of England on Monday, the 29th inst., at one o'clock, for Treasury Bills to be issued to the amount of £1,500,000, in replacement of bills falling due on 4 January. The bills will be in amounts of £1,000, £5,000 or £10,000. They will be dated 3 January, and will be payable at six months after date. There is little of interest to note in connexion with any department. Gilt-edged securities and Home Rails, although practically neglected, continue firm, and the undertone of Kaffirs is distinctly hard. The account in the latter shows a rather larger position open for the rise, and rates ruled somewhat higher than last time. Consols 93. Bank rate 4 per cent. (2 October).

FREDERICK TEMPLE.

ALL sorts and conditions of men, probably every sort and condition, the natural as well as the spiritual man, even down to that lowest of all creeping things, the time-serving politician, felt on hearing of the Archbishop's death that a giant had gone from the earth. Frederick Temple was a giant amongst men in many ways, in intellect, in bodily strength, in energy, in honesty of character. He could get through work that would have killed or cowed every other man; he could keep his head when all other men were distressed or exultant; neither anxiety nor difficulty nor toil could oppress his spirit. This extraordinary fund of sheer force made him a worker of miracles; and it never failed him. Burdened from quite early years with work that would have bowed other men to the ground or broken them, Temple lived on, outliving nearly all his peers, never abating his tale of tasks, living fully, strenuously, as though he were going to live for ever, seemingly contemptuous of old age, scorning to make of it either an asylum or a rest for a great life that had earned its rest as not one life in ten thousand ever has done or ever can. He has died fittingly: nothing cut off, nothing failing, he has done and been more than mortal man may expect to do or be. How different from Mandell Creighton! Creighton's death left us blank with disappointment, horror-struck at the sudden failure of the highest hopes, restrained, if restrained, from breaking out into open rebellion at the wanton wastefulness of death, only by the sense that this was the hand of God. Temple's life was lived so fully, lived right out, that death hardly seems an intruder at all; so long has death waited and so courteously that he might not spoil a single scene in the drama in which it was his part to say the last word. Too often death is in such hurry to have his say that he cannot wait for others to say theirs: he rudely casts his shadow on the stage in his anxiety to come on: he muddles all the action and brings down the curtain on a spoilt performance. Not so in this case. Charon has waited for his passenger to come to him; waited until every detail was perfected on this side, waited for the touching speech on Victoria's death, for the coronation, for the speech on the education bill. Temple passes from life to life. Not even in the cloisters of the stately Abbey, the noblest resting-place for God's elect and man's, is the proper monument to this man. His place is amongst the living; shades and seclusion have no part in him.

Great as he was intellectually, he was before all things a man of action. At Rugby, at Exeter, in London, and as Primate, it was not scholarship, it was not culture, it was not oratory, that made him a power, it was administrative capacity, the faculty to govern. He was English in the best sense: he had in a supreme degree what the best Englishmen have and he lacked what most of the best Englishmen lack. He was not indeed the better for his rough manners, his unsympathetic habit, the absence of all charm. All this was simply so much loss; his want of polish added not a whit to his honesty and strength. But it is a fact that extremely few Englishmen combine both; and, fortunately, on the whole they are more deficient in grace than in truth. So much so that we are instinctively inclined to be on our guard against an unusually courteous man, a more than normally charming woman, while in a rough man we rather expect ultimately to reach hidden merit. It would be grotesquely slanderous to suggest that Temple's reputation for honesty was factitious in any sense, but it is undoubtedly true that his rough exterior, even his unmelodious voice, made popular appreciation of his character easier and more certain than greater suavity would have allowed. It is merely an instance of right receiving factitious assistance—right usually meets with so much factitious opposition that it would be hard indeed, if there were never an item to put down on the other side of the score. Straightforwardness, uncompromising honesty, we have no doubt is the idea of Archbishop Temple of quite ninety out of every hundred who knew anything of him. Strange as it may seem, this operated as a conciliating factor. We have known clergymen, not seeing things as Temple did and knowing him as a ruler in

the Church, who were quite content and willing to acquiesce in his guidance because they knew what he was about, they knew that he was honest. Refusals and settings-down, in circumstances of physical discomfort, could be accepted more willingly from this honest man than softer words from a courtier they could not, or felt they could not, entirely trust. Temple knew not how to flatter; in the presence of princes he was as in the presence of workmen, with whom he was a great power: very many of them loved him. The well-known story of his remark as to Queen Victoria's memory is a good illustration. The Archbishop and another bishop were dining with the Queen, when she referred to a sermon she had heard a year ago. Thereupon the other bishop complimented Her Majesty on her remarkable memory; but Temple pointed out that there was nothing remarkable in it, for he had reminded her of the sermon yesterday.

Honesty was the one great fact about Temple, force was the other. How great, how gigantic, was the force of this man may be gathered from his own career; no other evidence is needed. He had few adventitious circumstances to help him: he had every one of the great qualities that tell against worldly success: very exceptional intellectual ability, uncompromising honesty, incapacity to conciliate, bad manners, a rough exterior. That a man thus handicapped could reach the Archbishopric of Canterbury, which has been called the throne of golden mediocrity, is an amazing thing: it is a miracle that nothing but superhuman force, as men go, could have worked. He even made difficulties of his own. His independence of character forbade his concealing views as a young man which very many thought very dangerous: so that Temple, as Bishop of Exeter, was at first a suspect. He, also, warmly adopted most unpopular causes. He was a most uncompromising teetotaler, fiercely so, when it was a much more difficult thing to renounce liquor than it is now. Yet in spite of all these mountains of obstacles, he reached the highest place in the Church of England, and died more popular than at any time of his life, never having squared a single conviction, never having disguised a single truth, to make a friend or conciliate an enemy. It is a marvellous record.

We will not go into the squalid contention which party in the Church can claim Temple. He was just to all parties. He insisted on the whole truth. Take two controversial points. He never shirked the admission of Confession by the Church in certain circumstances, but he always insisted that the spirit of the Anglican Church excluded systematic confession on the Roman lines. He declared definitely that the formulæ of the Church admitted the doctrine of the Real Presence in the Eucharist but equally insisted that they did not require it. Similarly, dealing with his clergy, he cared for the men that worked. He would not throw over a man that he knew to be an honest, hard, and able worker because of ritual extravagance; though he did not sympathise with such extravagance. People are apt to think that in these great prelates mundane associations, their mingling with the great world, their absorption in large matters of policy and ecclesiastical statecraft, crowd out the real spiritual work of a clergyman. That is generally a superficial inference. We came across an incident which showed how unfair would be such an inference to Temple. At a dinner party, a guest said to the host, in the hearing of the Archbishop as it proved, that he could not believe in God. Temple did not intervene at the time, but the next day he called at this man's house—he was not a distinguished person in any sense—and asked if he could help him in his difficulties of belief. Many less busy men would not have found time to do that.

Out of sheer respect to the Archbishop's memory—public grounds apart—one can but hope that his successor will carry on his great tradition—that strength and honesty will be his marks, that he will be a man not a courtier, just rather than politic. Otherwise it were a treachery to the memory of Frederick Temple, who may honestly be summed up in lines, that only flattered him of whom they were spoken as epitaph:

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world "This was a man!"

NAVAL EDUCATION.

IT is hardly possible to overestimate the importance of the reforms in naval education which are shortly to be introduced to meet the changed conditions in material. The rapid changes in the last fifteen years have at length evolved a more or less certain standard of fighting ships, which necessitates an alteration in the present methods of entering and training the officers and men of the different branches of the sea-service. As regards the officers, the principle of the new system is clearly stated in the words of the Admiralty memorandum—"The cardinal feature of the scheme is the homogeneous training of executive, engineer, and marine officers. The policy of the Board is to create a body of young officers who, at the moment of mobilisation for war, will be equally available for all the general duties of the fleet, and to consolidate into one harmonious whole the fighting officers of the navy". The position of the accountant and medical officers is therefore left untouched. Lord Selborne prefaces his New Model with a brief summary of naval development from 1815 onward. But the whole interest lies in the details of present reformation. Community of interest is to be attained by community of companionship and community of instruction, which are to be secured by one system of supply, one system of entry, one system of training. Small surprise need be expressed that the public schools have interested themselves but little in naval education; such a result might easily have been foreseen, and a return to the earlier age of entry into the service is a distinct gain for which no apology is required: the adoption of a lengthier period of training would alone render this obligatory. That the examination for the "Britannia" should be elementary is also sound; weeding out is better left till later. The last passing out examination afforded a good example of the way in which some youngsters, apparently backward, can come on under proper instruction. The four-year "Britannia" course will, it may be assumed, include as at present a certain amount of practical experience in a sea-going tender, though here the memorandum leaves us in doubt. No exception can be taken to the arrangements for the further professional education of the midshipman when he has finished his "Britannia" course. It would seem better that the earlier period of the midshipman's career should be spent in a specially commissioned ship, whose officers would be selected for their aptitude in the management of youngsters. The boys will then be of more use, and less likely to be in the way when drafted to ordinarily commissioned ships. No violent alterations are contemplated until the midshipman has disappeared in the full-fledged sub-lieutenant; it is at this point in the naval officer's training that we get to the very root of the matter. There we find that, "As far as possible, each officer will be allowed to choose which branch he will join", subject to the proviso that all branches are satisfactorily filled, and to the further proviso that no sub-lieutenant will be compelled to enter a branch unless when on applying for a nomination his guardians declared his readiness to enter either of the three branches of the service. The context is somewhat ambiguous, but one may gather that an option exists to name two out of the three branches instead of putting down for one or for all three. A boy who undertakes to hold himself ready to follow any line that may be selected for him later is to have a preference in the distribution of nominations. The whole success of the new plan depends, not on whether the Admirals have gauged the creature boy correctly, but on the feelings with which the disappointed boy of twenty, proud of his rank of sub-lieutenant, standing at the sign-post where the roads branch off, will contemplate the "steam path" or the "marine path" which fate calls upon him to follow. But we believe the decision to be a wise one. Hitherto the interests of the engineering and executive branches, as at present organised, have been apt to conflict, and social as well as professional questions have become so entangled that a new model has become an imperative necessity. Neither executive nor engineering branch should be blamed for

creating difficulties which have come about in the ordinary course of evolution. Let us hope the re-modelling will finally remove all antagonistic feeling arising from social causes. That there has been friction in the past cannot be denied though its extent has been greatly exaggerated. A satisfactory point is that once selection for a particular branch is made it is definite and final.

Passing on to the Marines, there are several matters about which we should like more detailed information. When, for instance, is the Royal Marine officer to qualify for his watch-keeping certificate? No fault can be found with the abolition of the distinction between Marine Artillery and Light Infantry,—but it seems absurd that having summoned enough courage to introduce an entirely novel system, striking at the root of the old idea that a Marine is primarily, both in training and profession, a soldier, the young naval officer, with no sentiment of Royal Marine esprit de corps, should be made to wear a uniform he has never been accustomed to, all for the sake of corps sentiment which is doomed to perish under the axe of the new model. All continuity is broken: such subterfuge as dressing men as soldiers and addressing them by military titles for the purpose of disguising the fact is contemptible. Why not let the Marine, both officer and man, adopt the comfortable rig of the executive branch with a distinguishing mark on the collar? Why not introduce the ranks of Commander, Captain, and Admiral R.M. and so prepare the way for the inevitable change which will make the executive and Marine officers interchangeable? The Board admits that "The current of events has set the Royal Marines more towards the navy than towards the army". A further expression of Admiralty opinion evidently shows that the measures to be introduced are merely tentative, for we read that: "If at any future time an even closer union between the navy and the Marines becomes possible than that now contemplated it will be necessary that the Royal Marines should come wholly under the Naval Discipline Act &c.". A consummation, we submit, devoutly to be desired. One of the most difficult subjects the Board has had to settle is that of bridging over and providing for the transition stage, since the full effect of the new measures cannot be felt for some years to come. Vested interests have had to be overhauled, and compromises effected, but so far as it is possible to judge from the outlines given everyone concerned seems to have met with fair dealing. As the ultimate good which will accrue to the service is of chief importance, the transition stage need not detain us; it is most important to see how the warrant officers, petty officers, and men are affected. Specialisation is the cue. Boys between fourteen and sixteen are to be entered for training as artificers; by this means it is expected that a second source of supply for the increasing needs of the fleet in this respect may be found, and the only reason for wonder is that this was not done before. The concession of a free kit to stokers on entering the service is certain to be popular, and remedies an admitted grievance. The introduction of water-tube boilers has increased immensely the responsibility and work of the engine-room department, and has rendered an increase in numbers absolutely essential if the full benefit is to be derived: the assurance therefore that the numbers of artificer-engineers and chief artificer-engineers will gradually be largely increased is very welcome. From no very evident cause there has been a deficiency in the signal-ratings, and a disinclination to enter for them. Signal work being interesting, the cause must be sought in the superior pecuniary attractions afforded by gunnery and torpedo. "Bunting tossing" is now to be put on an equality with these, and when one considers what an important item an efficient signal staff is in the economy of a fighting ship, the offering of an additional incentive is judicious, and will probably be taken advantage of by the right class of man. The anomaly which chief petty officers have so often complained of in regard to pension is to be removed. The increased rate they are to receive may appear small but it will entail an extra annual expenditure of £73,000. The warrant officers will be glad to hear the announcement that there are sixty billets to be kept filled

by officers commissioned from their ranks. They will benefit no more than is their due, and the navy will rejoice that the hard work always well and thoroughly carried out by the warrant officers is thus to receive practical acknowledgment. Everyone who knows what an enormous amount of evidence must have been sifted by the Board of Admiralty will allow that. Lord Selborne has kept his promise and given us a scheme of naval education; this alone is sufficient to mark his tenure of office in red letters in the annals of naval administration; and there is good guarantee for the success of the new arrangements in the stress laid by the authorities on the development of character. The new model will be welcomed by the navy; and this is the best evidence that it may be expected to do the navy good.

A DISAPPOINTING YEAR ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

JOBBERS, brokers, and their clients, are burying with indecent eagerness the year 1902. Gleefully they stamp upon the soil which hides from memory the horrid corpse. Naturally, the bitterness of disappointment is intensified by the fact that the dawn of the year was rosy with hope. It was just about this time last year that the rise in the South African market began. The war was in full swing, but several of the mines on the Rand had been able to restart their mills, and the big houses were so delighted and so anxious to make a market that they literally gave away "the call of more" for nothing. In January the bull acquired speed by rolling, and a boom began. The markets for Consols and Home Rails were sympathetically strong, only American rails remaining sluggish and unconcerned. Everybody was radiant and prophetic. The war was coming to an end in three weeks, or at the outside in six weeks, and peace would usher in the millennium. The war dragged on, but the pace of speculation became so hot that the people who control the market called a halt. There was a sharp reaction in the middle of February, and for a couple of months the calm of repentance and expectation. In May, when it began to be felt that peace really was at hand, the boom commenced again, and continued right up to the fateful 1st of June, dies infausta! Consols, in their stately fashion, kept pace with Kaffirs, and almost touched 98. Home rails were carried along with the tide of optimism, and the leading stocks rose considerably. Then came the frost, "the nipping frost", of peace, and from that hour to this the heart of man has grown sicker and sicker as prices fell and fell. The gloom of the last seven months has been relieved by two flashes of sunshine, more disastrous as to one of them than dulness. In the middle of September there came a distinct boomlet in Yankee rails, based on the excellent harvest and the continually increasing traffic returns. Southern Pacifics rose to 84, Norfolks to 82, Baltimores to 120, Union Pacifics to 115, and Louisvilles to 154. But here again the black fate of 1902, a year "rigged with curses dark", reasserted itself. The bulls had reckoned without the money-bugs. Land speculation in the West, in California particularly, had combined with the usual requirements for the moving of crops to draw money from New York. Call money became scarcer and consequently dearer: banks called in loans: bull pools were forced to liquidate. Baltimores fell 25, Louisvilles 34, Southern Pacifics 25, Union Pacifics 20, and Milwaukee 34 dollars. In fact the decline in prices was as severe as that caused by the "corner" in Northern Pacifics in May 1901. The market was only saved from utter demoralisation by the formation, on the initiative of Mr. Pierpont Morgan, of a syndicate of bankers to lend money to Wall Street at reasonable rates. The striking thing is that all the time the railway traffic receipts continued to show increases over last year's bumper record, and that the trade statistics proved undiminished prosperity. The slump was due to the technical condition of the market, and not to the intrinsic depreciation of values. If the technical condition of the New York market is now sound, as is

asserted with some show of reason, the next three months should witness a strong upward movement in Yankee rails. The persistent parrot cry in Throgmorton Street of a "coming smash in America" may be dismissed as what Disraeli called "the harebrained chatter of irresponsible frivolity". Brokers and jobbers know very little about American rails, and won't take the trouble to learn; so they go on repeating their Cassandra warnings of an impending crash. A financial débâcle may occur in the United States, as it occurs in most countries after a long period of exceptional prosperity: but it is not due yet.

The other ray of sunshine in the winter of our discontent was the marked recovery of Home rails in the middle of November. This of course was caused by the improving receipts, for the Home railway market is not the hunting ground of the mere speculator: the prices are too wide, and the stock too heavy to carry. For twenty-one out of the twenty-six weeks of the last half-year the increase of receipts shown by our leading English lines amounts to £905,449; a very respectable figure. Even now the prices are considerably below the best points touched in the year. The completion of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's Shipping Trust with a capital of £34,000,000 has been one of the events of 1902. There can be no doubt that the English vendors have received full value for their ships, in cash and in kind. But it is early days to say how this crowning edifice of American finance will stand the test of time.

What is the prospect for the immediate future? Although to the philosopher the division of time into years is purely arbitrary and conventional, it is difficult to persuade the ordinary man that the New Year is not a fresh departure. We most of us hope so hard that the next year will be better than the last that the first five months are generally the best, from the Stock Exchange point of view. We have already expressed our belief that the American railway market will improve, and about March we expect something like a boom. With regard to Kaffirs, it is inconceivable that the market leaders should not turn Mr. Chamberlain's visit to account. Indeed there are indications that the big houses have already made their preparations. The Stock Exchange wire-puller of one of the leading South African firms told us the other day that in the whole course of his experience he had never known the Kaffir market in a sounder or healthier condition for a rise. This he explained to mean that a great many of his own shares had been taken up lately, and that there was very little floating stock about the market. This may be quite true, and yet there may not be a boom for some time to come. There are some things against a boom. The West End speculators have been so hard hit in the last six months that they may be disabled from again taking the field. Then there is the supply of labour: unless more stamps are started the returns will not improve. What is the truth about the supply of native labour on the Rand? Perhaps Mr. Chamberlain will tell us in the course of the next few weeks: it is quite time he appeared as a "bull" point. We believe that the public always comes in on a rising market. But this raises the question, What power have the Kaffir magnates over the market? As in normal times the big houses are sellers of shares, it is obvious that they can at any moment produce a slump: they have only to ask for their money, or, in other words, refuse facilities for carrying over. It is also obvious that the big houses can always start an upward movement: they have only to give a few jobbers "calls" of shares, to send a few brokers into the House to shout, and to publish favourable cablegrams. But though they can start a boom, they cannot continue it, if the public hold aloof. When they find that they get all the shares they want at once, and that prices do not rise, they must give the thing up. But this very rarely happens, if the lead given is an earnest one, and there is any real improvement in the industry. It is our opinion that the Kaffir magnates mean to bring about, if not a boom, strong active markets for some months to come, and that they will find ample materials during the next fortnight, on which to base the movement.

MR. JUSTICE WILLS AND THE JURY.

EVEN trade unions when they are brought into Court have a right to expect that the rules of the game shall be observed. In the Taff Vale Railway case we do not think that the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants had the facts against them laid before the jury by the Judge's summing up according to the strict rigour of the game. If this address be read without an overwhelming desire to see the Trade Unions "slated" in uncompromising terms by someone in authority, and especially by a judge who may influence a verdict against them, it will be found that it reads in parts like a speech for the plaintiffs. In other parts it will be found to consist of a number of ready-made opinions, as to the effect of the evidence, neatly formulated for use by the jury. It reads like a benevolent effort on the part of the judge to save the jury the trouble of thinking: and he provides for them a kind of intellectual pemmican or peptonised food which shall save the jury the labour of mental mastication and digestion. There have always been two opposing theories as to the character of a judge's summing up. One has been that the evidence should be so placed before the jury as not to exclude the suggestion of a certain effect which has been made by it on the mind of the judge. The other has been that the judge shall give a colourless résumé of the facts, purposely devised so as to conceal carefully from the jury the impression made upon him by the evidence. Mr. Justice Wills has not followed either course. He did not place the facts before the jury, but took them for granted, and made a speech in which he announced, with the warmth of an advocate, the impression which had been produced on his own mind. That might be a proper method for the foreman of the jury or any member of it endeavouring to persuade his colleagues into adopting his opinion: but it does not seem in accord with the best judicial tradition.

To show that we are not overstating what seems to us extremely objectionable let us take some of the passages from the summing-up. The Judge stated in the first sentences of his speech that the jury had to answer several questions as to the responsibility of the Union for certain acts which had undoubtedly taken place—the fact of the strike for example. Having done this he adds that he will put his own view of the right answers to the questions before the jury. What he promised to do he did faithfully; and we submit that the more faithfully he did it the more wrongly conceived was the whole summing-up. Those opinions turned out to be the eminently popular opinions of those who will only look at one side of the question of Trade Unionism. They are the prejudices which are prevalent in many sections of society, and in none more strongly than the tradesmen class; the shopkeepers and the miscellaneous kinds of small traders who find themselves in a jury box with the somewhat overburdening duty, for them, of having to settle important social questions. The duty of a judge in such a case is an important one. It is that he shall counterpoise as far as possible a boxful of class-prejudiced persons. In Mr. Justice Wills' summing-up we see no influence of this kind exercised. On the contrary the a priori bias is strengthened by the a posteriori treatment of the matter laid before the judge. We consider his warning that they must not take his views as authoritative, but must discard them in favour of their own if they disagreed with them ought not to have been needed, because his private opinions should not be before the jury at all. It was useless; and only added the prestige of a judge's declared opinion to the weight of a jury's natural prejudices. If the position of a judge does not exclude knowledge of what common men think, and what their uninstructed opinions are, he ought to have placed every category of the evidence before them in such a way that it would carry with it a check upon their predisposition. There is not the least vestige of a sign that he was aware of the necessity for this precaution. On the contrary he took the case entirely out of the hands of the jury, and told them what view they ought to take of the facts with as much appearance of authority and dogmatism as if he had been directing them on points of law.

He seems to have been conscious that he was taking

an unusual course. He felt it right, he said, to have the courage of his opinions, and to protest against the incessant shuffling and shifting of responsibility which had formed so great a feature of the defence. This is very strange doctrine. What were the defendants there for if it were not to show that they were not responsible as a body for the strike? That was the very issue to be tried; and it was the issue which the jury had to decide, not the judge. We must be allowed to point out that the legal system of this country does not ask him for his opinion on such a question. That question is asked of the jury; and they are assumed to be competent to say whether what the judge in this case called shuffling off responsibility by the defendants is or is not a justifiable refusal to admit the responsibility. This method of the judge we say unhesitatingly is a usurpation of the province of the jury. It betrays bias too plainly; and when it shows itself on the popular side it adds to the danger of acts being branded as illegal merely because they are unpopular. A wholesome check which should be found on the Bench is missing from the machinery. A jury has often saved accused persons from a judge who has been too much on the side of authority against liberty. In our day it is the judge who should be alert to prevent injustice being done to persons and causes which are unpopular with the class of persons from whom jurymen are collected. We had an example of the danger in the recent Penruddocke case. The judge there did not go out of his province as a judge, as we hold the judge did in the Taff Vale case. But he was reproached with class bias because popular feeling was against the prisoner. In the Taff Vale case it seems that because the judge's views on this particular question are in accordance with those of the newspapers of the middle classes, there is no inclination to take exception to a judicial method which is fraught with very considerable danger if we look at it on broad public grounds.

This is a fine example of those personal and class prejudices which in most people's minds are dignified with the name of opinions, and judgments, and views on public questions. Is it not sufficiently apparent judging from the history of the Taff Vale case alone that our laws are made ad captandum according to the personal views of those who happen to be judges? When political or social questions are involved in legal judgments nobody is so simple as to suppose that they are settled with as much freedom from personal bias and social and political prejudices as if they were questions on the Sale of Goods Act. There are any number of these very delicate questions constantly being raised. They arose on the Workmen's Compensation Act, and lawyers themselves have had no hesitation in saying that from the known predisposition of the judges you might infer a certain result. Where even more political and social colour tinges a case before the judges, would you have the same legal result from a Brougham as a Lyndhurst, from a Herschell as from a Halsbury? It is not necessary to suppose anything sinister in this fact: but what it does suggest is that the influence of this bias ought to be kept down to as low a point as possible. In these questions of pure law, as they are called, in which a jury does not intervene, we have no protection but the high personal character and the professional and intellectual pride of our judges, which may even be more effective than moral principle in ensuring that their legal judgments shall be strictly founded on legal doctrine and on no other consideration. We should not need to take the opinion alone of those who are on the side of the Trade Unions. Others quite capable would say that on legal grounds alone they distrust those judgments which have altered the whole law of trade unionism more than the legislature would have ventured to do. All this however is inevitable: the law cannot administer itself; and we have to suffer the fallibility of judges as well as of policemen. But the law has distinctly separated the respective provinces of the judge and the jurymen, and Mr. Justice Wills summing up has disregarded them. We could fill the page with instances where the credence that was to be given to a witness, or a view which was to be taken of an act or a document, was presented ready made to the jury. That the result would have been different in any case we do not say. We are not saying that Mr. Justice Wills' law

was wrong. What we do say is that the judge ought not to show himself as a jurymen animated by all a jurymen's prejudices and a counsel's warmth. It is for a jurymen to deal with realities and separate them from shams, to fix responsibility in spite of "ingenious sophistries and shuffling of the cards". It is in the manner of counsel to shake the head and the index finger, and to protest to the defendants or the prisoner that all these attempts to evade responsibility will avail them nothing in a court of justice. The latter is too reminiscent of a certain creation of Dickens. Mr. Justice Wills should remember that his function is to administer law not to play mentor on general questions of social economics to the middle-class public as epitomised in the jury. On such matters his opinion is of no more authority than that of the man in the street.

THERÈSE HUMBERT.

NOTHING like a man: think men, most men. Man is logical, man is tolerant, man is practical, man has humour, intellect, and understanding; heavens, what a competent creature is a man! It is right that he should rule. It is imperative that his ruling be accepted and respected. Else, confusion; else, the very deuce. Not that women are wholly incapable and helpless: they have their good points. They are (in the French sense) fine; and of course they are charming, and with certain limitations they are clever, and they make sympathetic companions: that is, if they be true women. Man, necessarily, is mortal: commits little follies, trifling weaknesses. But only under sweet seductive influences: great beauty, great in—(we had almost written "intellect"), great charm. Have we not spoken truly, wisely? Are we not veritable teachers? Nothing like a man: think men. And yet—for twenty years we have been "done". For twenty years we, in France, have been superbly hoaxed. Yes we, the men: a President of the Third Republic, ministers of the Third Republic, able lawyers, men of the world, men of letters, men of commerce, Jews, astute provincials, astute financiers. And not "done" through sweet seductive influences. And not hoaxed by a grande dame or a courtesane. By a bourgeoisie! Aged 27-47! A short, stout, plain, common little woman!

Common, that is, in a sense. Common in appearance, common in ideas, common in speech. Common in dress: loud staring finery. Common in bearing: familiar rough gestures. Common in name; Thérèse Humbert.

Out of regard for our vanity let us refrain from explaining too fully how we were hoaxed. Moreover, let us be generous enough to avoid the harsh word "Fraud": refer only to the "Affair". And let us pronounce it a great, a colossal, an unprecedented Affair. Twenty years ago, far away, a gentleman named Robert Crawford, in an apoplectic fit. He suffers, he suffers. He is an American, and a millionaire. With all his millions, he has no one to attend to him in his fit. Will he expire? No—here comes Thérèse Humbert. And she nurses Robert Crawford. And Robert Crawford returns to America. And there Robert Crawford dies, making his nurse an heiress. Millions and millions of francs to Thérèse Humbert. A pretty romance! A natural kindly action on the part of Robert Crawford; but—two nephews who are cruel enough to dispute the will. They offer to compromise, but the offer is rejected. Thus, the prologue; but for the sake of our insight and understanding the first act shall remain unrecorded. . . . In Paris, we rejoice; in Paris, we mix with the monde, and in the monde no more extravagant and amazing hostess than—Madame Thérèse Humbert. What a chef, and what rare flowers and silver on the table! And what celebrated guests! And how charming are M. Frédéric Humbert and the daughter of the house, Mlle. Eve Humbert, and those members of Madame Humbert's family, Romain, Émile, and Marie Daurignac! In short, six Humberts. Perhaps, once out of the mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée,

we are critical; but who boasts a finer chef and mansion than the Humberts, and where, in these Republican days, does one meet finer society? And then—who is more of a millionaire than Madame Humbert? Certainly, she borrows money, those disagreeable nephews of the late lamented Crawford placing legal difficulties in the way. Many obstacles—but they are shortly to be swept away, to the humiliation of those nephews. Money pours in: for there are securities. At all events, no one goes so far as to doubt the Humberts. Our hostess makes slips in grammar, slips in manners, all kinds of slips; but she is amiably conscious of these slips: laughs openly at them. A great humourist, Madame Humbert. As jolly as Lady Clavering, the Begum. Affable, and expansive. At times she recalls poor Robert Crawford's apoplectic fit: and then we console—but also congratulate—her. Those cruel nephews! And cruel, too, certain gossips, who have begun to ask, Where are the Crawford nephews and where the millions? We toast you, chère Madame Humbert, in your admirable Mouton Rothschild, Chambertin, and Moët. We pay you homage in your box at the Opera, on which most eyes are centred. How sweeping is our salute when your handsome carriage passes us in the Bois! In spite of your jewels and your dresses and your estate, you remain a short, stout, plain little woman: so that the nursemaids and others in the Bois, who have heard of your millions and envy you, cry out, "Is that Madame Humbert?" Sometimes, in your most confidential moments, you conduct us to the most important room in the house. It is crowded with treasures, like the other rooms. But it contains one object, worth all the treasures. You point at this object, and we, straining our eyes, gaze at it reverently, with awe. Who dares to doubt you? There—there, before us—a great safe, the safe which holds, either in specie or in money, your millions and millions!

And we look at you respectfully, Madame Humbert: yet see a short, stout, plain little woman.

In M. Frédéric Humbert we recognise an artist. Scarcely a creator, but a man who can produce pretty verses, pretty tunes, pretty pictures. At his own expense he publishes his poems, in dainty volumes. His pictures are handsomely framed: hung (the chef has no greater admirer than a certain famous painter) in the Salon. We also receive his "pièce" for a piano, with an inscription. A cultured man, the husband of Madame Humbert. Romain and Émile and Marie Daurignac, and Mdlle. Eve Humbert: all of them charming. And such a devoted family: the six Humberts are fond of dining together, without guests; and no doubt are affectionate and merry, and glad to be en famille for a change. We can picture them at such a dinner: a fond, happy, laughing family of six—raising their glasses to the memory of poor Robert Crawford, perhaps visiting the safe. Perhaps a toast to the kind people who have advanced huge sums on the securities in the safe, and the good resolution that they shall be amply rewarded by-and-by. Confusion to the nephews! Never mind, they will have to pay for this prolonged, this unending litigation. They acted in haste and will repent at leisure: this Richard and this Henry Crawford. Their whereabouts? Well, Madame Humbert leaves that to her lawyers. Time enough to produce them when they will have to pay. And again and again, celebrities of Paris, do you flock to the mansion in the Avenue de la Grande Armée; and not one of you is anxious when a judge orders that the safe be opened in the presence of the police. Indeed, why—anxiety? To-morrow morning the safe will be opened, and to-night, this very night, the Humberts occupy their box at the opera. And they are gorgeously dressed. And they shine with jewels. And they receive their friends with jokes and smiles. And they step happily into their carriage. No one follows them. Why should anyone follow them? No supper-party to-night; and detectives have never yet been employed by Madame Humbert to keep an eye on the Humbert jewels. But, in the morning, the safe has to be burst open: no key, no Humberts. Workmen arrive, with tools. A long, a difficult job! At last—open! And, inside—a sheaf of worthless paper, a button, and a sou! Never a Richard Crawford. Never an apoplectic

fit. Never a nephew—far less two nephews—to dispute the will. No millions: nothing! But some seventy millions of francs owing by the Humberts; and soon, all over France, the order to look out for and arrest six swindlers, of whom the chief is a short, stout, plain, common little woman.

The month of May, then. The Champs Elysées again become an agreeable promenade; Paris at its gayest. In the monde, we wring our hands; and we, at least some of us who have admired the chef at No. — Avenue de la Grande Armée (we would nevertheless pretend to ignore the number) are suspected, and even arrested. Where are our late friends, the six Humberts? We cannot say: for they have been seen in London, Brussels, Athens, Barcelona, Liverpool, Mexico, the Argentine Republic on the self-same day. They travel quickly, the Humberts. They are caught: no, they are not. Again they are taken: again the rumour is false. In the month of June of this year, in the Champs Elysées, we hear the café-concert comedian sing of the Humberts; and in the revues, other comedians, disguised as detectives, are in quest of the Humberts. No—only pretending to be in quest of the family of six. Should an informer approach the detective saying, "The Humberts are in Berlin", then the detective replies, "I must take train immediately to Liverpool". For it is said that the Government would allow the Humberts to escape, being implicated in the Affair or at least having friends who have had a share of the 70,000,000 francs. Persistently is it rumoured that detectives are on the high seas, on deserts and prairies, on mountains and in deadly swamps and marshes, in quest of the six Humberts. As a result of the Affair, tragedies; but we need not record them here. Of course, in the Chamber, interpellations. Sides are taken, as in the Dreyfus Affair. Duels; libels; hints of an impending revolution. An amazing rumour that the family of six is living underground: in the cellars of a country château. A canard that the family of six is still in Paris. A hint from M. Rochefort that England, out of hatred for France, is hiding and supporting the family of six. And a great sale of the Humbert treasures and belongings, at which Americans scramble for souvenirs, and dealers outbid one another for the safe. And then, in a shop-window, the safe; and before the window, hundreds of people—so that seven policemen keep order before the shop. . . . And in the monde, much marvelling. We call up visions of the Humberts: see the family of six in hiding, starting at every sound, taking air at dead of night; picture them seated at dinner, the six of them, as they sat together occasionally in their mansion; and wonder whether Frédéric Humbert seeks forgetfulness, and tries to dispel the monotony, by playing a pretty tune or painting a pretty picture or composing a pretty poem, and whether Romain and Émile and Marie Daurignac, and Mdlle. Eve Humbert still are charming. Certainly, they must talk and talk. Perhaps the six of them have a common sitting-room. Perhaps they shrink from retiring, fearing a surprise. Do they read the French papers, any papers? Does the past rise before them? What are their late guests saying? And Romain—you who have ventured the most abroad, did you think that some man looked closely at you? Dreams and dreams: nightmares. Fears and fears: somebody constantly watching the windows. Nothing in it, perhaps; only fancy. Twenty years of success: then flight, perpetual dread. But days go by, and weeks pass, and months elapse; and every day gone by makes the position securer, and every week passed helps to inspire confidence and —. "In the name of the law!" Open the door, Frédéric Humbert; and you, Romain Daurignac, leave the roof, towards which a gun is pointed. The house is surrounded by the Madrid police. Taken: trapped! Off into captivity, under an escort. Off to the telegraph office, dozen of journalists and officials. And in Paris, on the boulevards studded with the New Year booths, Parisians out shopping for the New Year—toys for their gosses, surprises for Madame—learn all at once, learn with amazement, that the family of six has been captured. And on the Place Vendôme, in the Ministry of Justice, M. Vallé opens bottles of champagne: and everywhere in Paris,

amidst the holiday brilliance and exhilaration, is spoken gaily and loudly and exultingly the name—Humbert. All over, the Affair; the twenty years' Affair. Revenge for the creditors, for the friends who were hoaxed. A great trial. Six prisoners. Severe sentences; but the severest for the most skilful, most brilliant, most extraordinary of this family of six: a short, stout, plain, common little woman.

AT THE SIGN OF "THE BULL".

THE little county town, like all other little towns, has done its best to make itself look like London, and wonders why ungrateful travellers ignore the new electric lamps, the Jubilee clock, the imposing business premises along the steep main street, and only stop to look about them in a little carrefour at the top of the hill. Here the self-respecting fine street comes to an end all at once, winding off by three or four narrow entries and turnings between mean tenements, the outskirts of the unregenerate Old Town. At one lane-corner a timbered house-front overhangs the pavement, jutting out askew to the roadway and making a sort of nook or pocket on the very crown of the ascent. On one hand the main street falls away; on the other the cobble-stoned lane pitches giddily down to the purlieus of the river, wharfs and yards; between the two, the recess under the hanging eaves of the house encloses a few yards of level pavement, a coign giving a convenient prospect of the town, and with a character of its own not unworthy of observation.

The house-wall facing the lane is of roughcast between rude timber-framing, the remnant of whose ancient whitewash is black and shiny from the leanings and brushings-by of generations of shoulders and elbows. A little above head-height there is a band of oak tracery, trefoil-headed arcade-work of the fourteenth century, bleached and split by weather, but keeping still some faint touches of colour—blue and scarlet—here and there under its cusps. Over this the joist-heads of the overhanging story project; and where they meet the street-front of the house, an arched bracket supports the angle. Under the curve of the bracket, caryatid-like, crouches a satyr or devil, his goat-legs gripping the angle-sommer, his arms crossed on his chest, his face—whose expression bears examination from different points, and in different lights and personal humours—looking down the street and over the town outspread below. He is of much later date than the arcade; his features have none of the cheery hideousness of the whole-hearted tribe of Gothic demons, but show the Renaissance refinement. The half-obliterated 1547 carved on the end of a barge-board may very well be his year. His neighbourhood to the sash-windows and guttering of the more progressive street-front has procured him sundry coats of paint—lead and stone colour and Venetian red by turns—happily preservative, and now weathered to a not inharmonious variety.

A few steps down the break-neck lane a dingy signboard hangs, and under it opens the door of "The Bull" beerhouse—a new swing door of grained walnut and "cathedral glass", rawly breached into the ancient wall-work with ragged patches of cement. "The Bull" is a house with a character of its own; it is peculiarly the place of call for the up-country farmers, shepherds and drovers on market-day, for carters and labourers coming in on errands from the Weald. It has, too, a distinct custom in the old town—clients whose instincts are appealed to by a certain traditional large-handedness in reckonings, and a perennial conflict with the petty restrictions of law and license. And so the Bull Corner, as the little nook among the houses is called, is a sort of focus of life, a centre whither radiates intelligence from a thousand roofs of the sordid town, of the Downs, of the Weald, for twenty miles round. And when one reckons into this aspect the centuries wherein the corner has called men out of the blinding sun or the numbing north-easter with the heavy reek of that philtre which is good for both alike—for "The Bull" has stood where it stands

for at least as long as the Bailiff-Court enactments concerning "tipplers" record—the spot begins to wear the airs of history. It is a place, a terrarum angulus, in a sense which many larger names on the map never achieve. It bears the print of antiquity, not as many more reverend shrines, in a sort of museum-sanctity, railed and labelled, with the sense of "Please do not touch" hanging over them; but alive and stirring, in full day's work, a piece of the continuity of time, an indivisible whole, from the wasting fleck of vermilion under the arcade-trefoils to the wet paint on the flapping door of the tap. If one stands for a spell on the little table-land of level flag-stones, with one's back to the recess, and looks down over the roofs of the town, recalling times when men must have so stood and looked, one begins perhaps to find a meaning for the sardonic grin of the satyr in his spandril overhead. He saw the drift of wood-smoke that hung about the hill as the crowd came back from the execution of Bishop Christopherson's writ de hæretico; saw on the great down fading in the August twilight kindle the red star that announced the Armada; saw in a pelt of southerly rain the good-nights of gossips who marked the shift of wind and guessed whether Bonaparte and his praams would be at Newhaven to-morrow. He has been seasoned by scorching suns pent in the furnace of the narrow street, by drowned summers of years when drought or flood might mean dearth or plenty to a self-contained country. The quicquid agunt homines of five centuries has reverberated in this corner, and no one who has any tincture of generous imagination will doubt that its walls have taken some impression from the impact, an influence capable of being reflected upon a properly receptive mind. And if to-day the watching demon seldom sees anything more stirring than the little crowd outside the County Hall at the Assizes, or the brass bands and banners of a Benefit Society's parade, or the yearly saturnalia of the race-meeting, are we sure that he sees all the change in men and manners which we generally postulate? Do we as a rule allow enough for the continuity of life which ties us to the past? In such small eddies of the stream of progress as the Bull Corner, at least, one learns to doubt it.

It is dusk after hours; the tap is full and resounds with its wonted hubbub. The chorus rises crescendo to a shouting brawl, and out of the door pitches a tramp, a hoary tatterdemalion, staff in hand, one foot bound up in sacking by way of a boot, his goods slung across him in two bags—a figure from a fourteenth-century manuscript, one of Piers Plowman's "beggere and biddere". After him, to settle the argument begun inside, comes a gaunt, sandy-bearded shepherd, whose motion to use his crook for a weapon is crossed by his need of it as a prop for his uncertain steps. The pair zig-zag down the steep lane, with help of walls and doorposts, exchanging language which is purely mediæval in its gist, and full of terms to be found in most glossaries to Chaucer. A young farmer, florid-faced, in shabby-smart tail-coat and riding-breeches, launched suddenly from the swing door of "The Bull", halts doubtfully on the kerbstone, not quite firm on his heels, brooding over some loss at the morning's market and nursing a beery grudge against the man who, he has been declaring with dreary iteration for the last hour, has had a sovereign too much off him. A girl, auburn-haired, white-necked, exuberant in dirty muslin, goes by with a reek of scent; and the farmer's gaze follows her, changing its meaning of stupid resentment to another, not less elementary. These are fundamental humours after all; at the Bull Corner it is Beaumont and Fletcher, Rabelais, Chaucer, Aristophanes we recognise in the general tone and colour, often in the very form; we are not at all reminded of the sixth standard, the free library, the County Council lectures on Hygiene in the Home. A curious lapse, shall we call it, in the ascent of man, or a perennial residuum not to be sublimed by any chemistry of progress? We should have a better chance of answering the question usefully if we would reconsider our customary position towards antiquity. It is not we, as we please ourselves to think, who are the owners of the old world by title of our accomplished sympathies, our brilliant and learned reconstructions. We are mere strangers and

sightseers, making our conducted excursions into history with our sketch books and our cameras, collecting relics to adorn our cabinets; it is the shaggy ruffian, leaning day-long, life-long against the carved door-jamb, the huge gap-toothed slattern, tyrant of the narrow Tudor entry, who are the rightful, immemorial owners. If the fourteenth century were to come back to-morrow, where should we stand? To them in their ancient burrows, to their concerns and interests, their likes and hates, it would scarcely make any perceptible difference. It is we—with our styles and schools, our discords and contrasts, who have no abiding place; it is they, the eternally convenable, who own the world, to whom all environs are apt and proper as the sun itself—Parthenon columns, Piazza doorways, or the trefoil arcade with the watchful Devil overhead, here in the Bull Corner.

HOGARTH.*

I HAVE before me two out of the previous editions of Mr. Dobson's excellent biography. There is the first, a modest little volume of the "Great Artists" series, published in 1883. This might be lifted with the little finger. Then there is the handsome octavo, enlarged in matter biographical and bibliographical. Now comes Mr. Heinemann's annual monument, as we might call it, to be put on the shelf, if the shelf will bear it, beside the Gainsborough, Reynolds and Raeburn of previous years. It is ill grumbling at such splendid paper and type, but one shudders to think what books on artists will grow to, if the same violent geometrical progression is maintained that these three editions illustrate. It is a return, in a way, to the scale of those early tomes that held Hogarth's prints, and the reason of it is the perfection of modern reproduction, that can give us photogravures of pictures and facsimiles of drawings instead of the renderings from engravings in the earlier issues of Mr. Dobson's book; yet, allowing for the scale and number of the illustrations, it would be possible, surely, to issue these volumes in handsome enough shape at nearly half their present bulk and weight. They are magnificent, but unwieldy.

The "Hogarth" puts itself in order with its predecessors by including a short essay by Sir Walter Armstrong on Hogarth as a painter. Mr. Dobson from the first had evidently a high private opinion of Hogarth's painting power, but distrusted his own authority, and has now invoked the judgment of connoisseurship on Hogarth's inventions after a hundred and fifty years. What a pity that Hogarth could not be present at this almost official entry of his name on the canon of painting, and watch with delight the comedy that will follow, the battering of later heretics with himself as an Old Master; for the "Black Masters" return again and again into fashion, the brightest become smoked by Time, and the connoisseur who was learned and loud in Hogarth's time upon "Alessio Baldovinetti's second and best manner" and contemptuous of all contemporary methods is not unknown to ourselves.

Happily one is absolved from reviewing Mr. Dobson's part in this volume, which is now a standard work; a knowledge, equal to his, of the allusive correspondence between Hogarth's paintings and the life of the eighteenth century would be called for. I may therefore limit myself to the subject of Sir Walter Armstrong's critical essay. In its short limits various heads are touched on for admiration in Hogarth's painting. First of all there is Hogarth's reconciliation of pictorial beauty with the very special dramatic aim of his work. Then there is the restraint in expression, this side of caricature, in the dramatis personæ (what Hogarth, by the way, expressed as "character" versus "caricatura"). Then there is the sculptural solidity of his figures and groups. His method of preparatory sketching and study is described, his extraordinarily easy and certain rendering is compared with its Dutch

analogues and with the more tentative methods that belong to the preoccupations of modern painting. Finally something is said of the colour in one of his finest portraits, the "Mrs. Salter". I will set down such remarks as space allows under these different heads.

There lingers, I think, even in Sir Walter Armstrong's cordial admiration of Hogarth's pictorial design a reluctance to admit that dramatic motive can have a place in the "artistic" or "aesthetic" aims of a picture. He calls it extraneous to the pictorial art. It would surely be just as reasonable to call it extraneous to the literary art. When drama and design in space are both parts of an artist's motive, his "art" is the making of both as impressive as may be and impressive by reciprocal interaction. This was certainly Hogarth's idea, and he put the drama first. "I wished to compose pictures on canvas, similar to representations on the stage; and further hope, that they will be tried by the same test, and criticised by the same criterion. . . . I have endeavoured to treat my subject as a dramatic writer"; or rather, as he goes on to explain, to compose for a stage in "dumb show". His success, it seems to me, varied a good deal. The Breakfast Scene, for example, in the "Marriage" is an immortal design, as a stage tableau and a tableau in the ordinary sense. The attitudes of the mischievous girl and the spent reveller are invented with perfect expression and set in a favouring space. Perhaps there is just a hint of lower dramatic force in the theatrical exit of the servant. And the suspicion of something wrong here is due to the fact that Hogarth the "moralist" comes in to supplement Hogarth the dramatist. The servant's attitude of condemnation (helped out by the anxious title, in the wrong place, of the book in his pocket) is not only out of his part, but a needless emphasis of a point that the exhibition of the other figures already makes. The dramatic point is, Oh, the ennui of it! The moral point, Oh the wickedness of it! is superfluous. I am not contending that a work of art should not have a moral motive; I see no reason why it should not; art may apply itself to every variety of motive. But I do challenge Hogarth's attitude as a moralist. Who was Hogarth? I do not mean Hogarth the industrious, orderly and charitable citizen, but Hogarth the imaginative. He was a man to whom street rows, midnight debauches, gross excess of life of all sorts were the chief delight of vision; his imagination was made happy by disorder and cruel absurdity, flamed up in the madhouse, the thieves' den, the bagnio. These abolished, the acutest pleasure of his eye, his main imaginative business in the world, would be gone. When he painted a sacred subject, he had to relieve his feelings by turning it into obscene parody. We must not then, even if all English literature since his day has obsequiously kept up the pretence, believe that Hogarth the artist wanted to reform the world into Industrious Apprentices, whose career is crowned by condemning to death the unbusinesslike companions of early years. Hogarth's self-deception on this head revenges itself upon him in his pictures. When the preacher is to the front we get medleys like "Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism" that are no pictures at all, or overdone lessons like the "Gin Lane" and "Beer Street". When he follows his happy bent among the grim humours of the fair, the most memorable compositions form up before him, circles of the "Cockpit", (like the designs of his more terrible successor, Goya) or of the "Midnight Modern Conversation", or the fine Christy Minstrel disposition in the "Toilet Scene" of the "Marriage" or the icicle of a woman that freezes high "Noon" in "Times of the Day", or the "Actresses dressing in a Barn". These are works of the Hogarth who reveals himself in the "Five Days Frolic". Beauty for him does not really hover over the industrious youth sharing the hymnbook of a prude damsel, with devout thoughts of her dowry. It shines for him about blowy wenches disarrayed, bloody pates, the figures of fun that peak or bully under the lascivious sun or heady liquor. He loves the gross of life, enormities of eating and behaviour, wild promiscuity of spectacle, the broad or bitter picturesque of the jests played upon man by wealth, marriage, medicine and the grips of death.

* "William Hogarth." By Austin Dobson. With an introduction on Hogarth's workmanship by Sir Walter Armstrong. London: William Heinemann. 1902. £5 5s.

But I forget my schedule. Sir Walter Armstrong's insistence on the sculptural, solid character of Hogarth's drawing is very much to the point. He might have illustrated Hogarth's mind in this matter from his own writings; but the "Analysis of Beauty", a work full of interest, has been curiously neglected by Hogarth's critics. Mr. Dobson indeed gives it up as a puzzle. Hogarth, who had early accustomed himself to a memorial analysis of forms, a kind of anatomical alphabet of reference for noting character and rapid action, tells us that he endeavoured to regard solid forms as if they were shells scooped out, and consisting of an infinite fibre of outlines (very much, it will be seen, Rodin's conception of the infinite turning profiles of a form). Hogarth endeavoured further to view the form as if standing within the shell, so as to grasp the relation of corresponding points on opposite surfaces. In this way, he says, by practice one can come to conceive irregular forms as clearly as cubes and spheres, instead of being puzzled by the changing contours presented by the bit of surface opposite the eye. Experimentally he proposes to pass wires through wax models, and measure thus the depth at the points of entrance and exit of the wire. This preoccupation with depth and solidity makes itself felt throughout Hogarth's painting, and there are traces also of his having learned faces and other shapes by working from points of structure privately fixed in his mind; the line, for example, between the forehead and the temples. His general conception of a portrait head owes a good deal, I think, to Lely, for example in the tendency to a spectacled look about the eyes. But he charged the rather heavy seduction of that mask with a quite new vigour and fighting life ready to leap out.

With paint Hogarth could evidently do anything that he liked. He varies his procedure according to time and circumstance from the delicate scumble that just suggests colour over the brown drawing of "Lord Lovat" to the deliberate solid completeness of his own portrait; in that again varies his handling for the texture of flesh and that of the dog's coat, and in every variety of handling is masterly. In the "Shrimp Girl" he gives the illusion of vigorous modelling with next to nothing on his brush, scarcely sensible films of colour: the definition of the chin is a wonderful feat of exactness and delicacy at speed. In the histories we find a consistent control of means in the going back of elaborate backgrounds and the emergence of figures, and everywhere a sure, straightforward performance. Here and there the execution becomes exquisite, as in the sleeve of the arrested "Rake". Hogarth, then, could do what he liked in paint. What he liked did not include its finest harmonies; no one I suppose would call the draperies of "Mrs. Salter" that, and he evidently painted them with special care and appreciation. But compare this green that Hogarth employed with the freezing blue of Kneller, and it will be seen how much of beautiful colour and tone he brought back into painting.

I have space only for one point more in reference to this portrait. Sir Walter says of the yellow and green of its draperies, "The system on which these are painted is that followed a century later by Eugène Delacroix, who was under the impression that he was its inventor. The high lights and the deep shadows are in each case two primaries which unite to form the half-tone. The dress, which produces the effect of yellow, is yellow in the high lights, red in the deepest shadows, and orange in the transitions. So with the scarf; the three tints of which are yellow, green and blue. The richness and vivacity given by this use of primaries and complementaries may be appreciated by comparing . . ."

There is some confusion here. Among the colours enumerated there are no "complementaries", and if there were, they would not "unite to form the half-tone", but would have the effect of making one another more distinct. There was no need to drag in Delacroix. Yellow lights on green and red shadows on yellow are to be found long before Hogarth. Indeed Lomazzo cautions the painters of his time against the latter. On the other hand the "Analysis" proves that Hogarth was quite alive to the fusion of broken colours at a distance. He had closely studied Rubens' paint-

ing at Whitehall and the vivacity secured in that by keeping bright tints separate. But this method he considered suitable only for painting to be viewed at a distance. He describes however a proposed experiment for obtaining the vivacity of "prime flesh tints" by dropping separate "bloom tints" (that is number 4, i.e. the most saturated of a scale of 7 in each of the 7 colours of his system) on a marble "busto". In colour, as in form, he was a keen and independent analyst.

But once more, I must cut short these notes. Altogether the book marks a step in the general recognition of Hogarth among the masters, the Englishman who broke out so suddenly, so completely equipped, and painted his matchless drama with so liberal a range, from the dainty to the damned, rejoicing in them all.

D. S. M.

MR. BARRETT AS KING ALFRED.

"ELUSIVE" is not, perhaps, the obvious epithet for Mr. Wilson Barrett. Yet, despite the strength and substance of his being, he is the most elusive creature that ever came to baffle the poor intelligence of mankind. When we see him in a modern play, purporting to be a merchant or a barrister or some other familiar modern type, we protest that it is impossible to accept him as such. He is not of our time, we say, but rather a throw-back to some erst glorious and now fallen, forgotten empire of the past. For us that lucent top-hat perches as an accident on his brow, hiding a yet more lucent diadem of barbaric gems. His frock-coat is buttoned across harness of gold and silver. Superficially like a walking stick, that which he bears in his right hand is a curiously wrought sceptre. From no hansom or four-wheeler has he just alighted, but from some high-pooped galley. His talk is not as our talk, and his walk is in time to some strange music made from shawms and sackbuts by a thousand virgin slaves. Of the truck of our sordid world he is all ignorant, all unconscious. An old-time tyrant, he.

Now, Mr. Barrett does not always appear in plays of modern life. Often he favours some quite remotely antique period. Herein, we are sure, our awe of him will not be tempered by sense of anachronism. But we ought never to be sure of anything in regard to Mr. Barrett. Antique in modernity, he appears not less modern in antiquity. The resources of the costumer's wardrobe avail him nothing. Lightly or heavily clad, according to the fashion of the period required, he is yet altogether of our own time. His voice, his port, his manner, all have a contemporary ring. A tyrant he is still, but a familiar tyrant. True, the form of tyranny suggested by him varies from scene to scene. Sometimes we think of an eloquent Nonconformist divine swaying his congregation; at other times of a headmaster "taking" the fourth form; at other times, of a magistrate reading the Riot Act. But whatever form of tyranny he suggest to us at the moment, the form is always a modern one. And thus, whether he appear in ancient or modern garb, Mr. Barrett is always an august anachronism—a whale out of water. The truth is, of course, that himself is neither ancient nor modern: he seems one or the other only by force of the contrast with whichever thing he try to seem. He belongs, really, to no time at all. There is not, and never was, anyone to resemble him. That is the secret of his hold on us.

He is now on view at the Adelphi Theatre, enacting the title-part of a play written by himself—"The Christian King, or Alfred of Engle-land". The play is conceived in a large spirit, and is, I hope, the first of a series in which Mr. Barrett will deal with all those English Kings whom Shakespeare left unexploited. The play has, at least, one very real merit. It is inspired by a serious effort to show us the greatness of a great man. Mr. Barrett tries to show us the great man, not (as is the usual case) involved in some love affair merely, or making merely a picturesque background to someone else's love affair, but actually doing the things on which depends his reputation for greatness

—planning campaigns, transacting affairs of State, and so forth. True, the effort does not quite come off. The task of making us fully realise in the theatre the genius of any great man can come off only if the dramatist himself be, in his own line, an equally great man. Mr. Barrett's greatness is a greatness rather of personality than of dramatic invention. Unimpressive, for instance, is the scene in which Alfred cross-examines a lady whom he suspects of attempting to poison another lady. "Why did you put poison in that cup?" asks Alfred. "I didn't", says the lady. "You did", says Alfred. "I didn't", repeats the lady. "You did", repeats Alfred. We feel that Alfred is not doing himself justice—not revealing that intellectual potency with which Mr. Frederic Harrison and other admirers have credited him. Spiritually, too, he leaves something to be desired. "Tell King Guthrum", he cries, "that Alfred of Engle-land will meet him in the field—meet and defeat him". The Scandinavian to whom he entrusts this message is a man of spirit, who declares that, on the contrary, Alfred's own doom is at hand. Alfred is inexpressibly shocked: "Sir", says he, "that shall be as God wills". But why thus rebuke the messenger for overlooking a point which had just been overlooked by himself? Years ago, in statu pupillari, I knew a youth who was ploughed three or four times in the Divinity school. As he was destined for holy orders, this was a serious matter for him. And, every time he failed, after reading very hard for that very simple affair, he impressed me by his pious acquiescence in what he declared to have been decreed from above. The impression thus produced on me was nullified by him when, at length, he succeeded in passing his examination. His talk was all of having "romped through"—"floored the examiners"—"no mistake about it this time". Even as to that undergraduate, so to Alfred seems it that he need hold Providence accountable only for his misfortunes. Not an edifying theory!

The Alfred whom Mr. Barrett has created is not nearly so grand a person as the Alfred whom Mr. Barrett impersonates. And yet I fancy that the former has more than the latter in common with the Alfred of actual history. The latter, as I have suggested, seems to belong to our own age. When he seals up a letter and says to the bearer of it "If he be not at home, search till you find him, and bring a written answer to this my message", we feel (despite the exquisite archaicism of the words) that he has rung up a messenger-boy after failing to "get through" on the telephone. Again, the actual Alfred was essentially English—or so we imagine him to have been. Mr. Barrett speaks the English language with perfect fluency, and may, so far as I know, be of purely English extraction. But to me he gives the impression of being unbounded by any nationality. He transcends place, even as he transcends time. Infinity and eternity are his.

Mr. Barrett takes infinite pains to put us at our ease. Even as in a previous play he entered bearing a lamb (or was it a sheep?) in his arms, so now, when he first appears, he lays a caressing hand on two handsome deer-hounds. One of his retainers has already been made to say, reassuringly, "He has the tenderest and most considerate heart I wot of". And, in case these precautions be inadequate, Mr. Barrett proceeds to hold a long and tenderly facetious conversation with a little ragged child. But, somehow, the more he tries not to overawe us, the more are we overawed. When he says of his kingship "I dare not hope that I shall fill the rôle", his modesty seems more terrific than any amount of bluster. And in his relation to the two ladies who appear in the play he overwhelms us utterly. One of them is a good lady, the other a bad lady. The good one is a blonde, the bad one a brunette. The bad one appears with a hawk—a stuffed hawk—on her wrist, the good one with a dove—a real live dove—in the hollow of her hand. They both love Alfred simultaneously. And Alfred loves them both in succession. But what an Olympian lover he is! Jove himself, descending to this or that nymph or mortal, cannot have had more of the grand manner. It is true that Alfred leaves off loving the bad lady in time to

save himself from misconduct, and marries the good lady in due form. But the romance is pervaded by a subtle odour of mythology.

Sometimes I suspect Mr. Barrett himself of being a myth.
MAX.

THE WESTMINSTER FIRE OFFICE.

THE Annual Report of the Westminster Fire Office has a twofold interest: the accounts are made up to 30 September of each year, as compared with 31 December which is the date of account of most other fire insurance companies. The consequence is that the figures of the Westminster afford an early indication of the fortune which has attended fire offices as a whole for nine months out of twelve. The business of the Westminster is in many respects so different from, and so superior to, that of most other fire insurance companies that, while a prosperous year for the Westminster may be no indication of prosperity for other companies, an unfavourable experience of this one company is apt to indicate that the prosperity of others has not been great. The reason for this distinction is that the Westminster confines its business to the United Kingdom, and it is well known that while the home business of many companies yields excellent profits, foreign, and especially American, business frequently involves serious loss. The Westminster was founded so long ago as 1715, and its long standing, its reputation for generous dealing with its policy-holders, and the bonus returns which it gives to those insured with it—since being a Mutual office it has no other purpose to which surplus profits can be applied—combine to attract the highest class of risks. If business of the best sort fails to pay, it is natural to assume that companies which have to be content with more speculative risks are scarcely likely to show good results.

Apart from the value of the report as an indication of fire insurance progress in general, the prosperity of an institution dating from the days of George I. is itself a matter of interest. Owing to the way in which the accounts are made out the profits of the Westminster cannot be exactly compared with those of most other companies. The amounts paid to other offices for re-insurance and the bonuses paid to the policy-holders are not separated, so that we cannot obtain in the usual way the net amount of the premiums received. Moreover the charges for fire brigade, salvage corps and assessors are included with the claims and not stated separately; the result of this is that the separate amounts for losses and expenses are not shown in the usual way. We must be content therefore to compare the Westminster accounts of one year with its own accounts for previous years, and to judge by the greater or less amount of profit that is made the relative prosperity of the Westminster, and thereby, within certain limits, the probable prosperity of other companies for the first nine months of this year. For the five years ending 30 September, 1901, the average trading profit amounted to over 10 per cent. of the premiums received after deduction of the amounts paid for bonuses and re-insurances. For the past twelve months the trading profit was only 6 per cent., or less than half the proportion sometimes realised. It is needless to say that this smaller profit represents no carelessness in management, and indicates no lack of financial strength. Many offices would be glad if they could systematically see a trading profit of so much as 6 per cent. To this profit of £6,000 must be added the sum of £8,000 derived from interest, making a total profit of more than £14,000 for addition to the reserves, which amount to £290,000 or about three times the net annual premium income. Reserves to this extent are exceptionally large, and are secured by investments of the highest class, which, perhaps because they are so good, are set out with an amount of detail that other companies might copy with advantage.

As the trading profit of the Westminster has only been 6 per cent. of the net premiums, as compared with an average profit of 10 per cent., and an occasional profit of 13 per cent. or more, it is fair to assume that

the home fire business as a whole has been less profitable than usual. This conclusion is also suggested by the frequent and large fires which have occurred, and by the complaints heard in fire insurance circles. Occasional bad years are useful to fire companies as a proof to the public that their charges as a whole are by no means excessive, and most companies are quite strong enough to stand them without much detriment to their shareholders. Bad years have, however, been somewhat too frequent of late, and a cycle of prosperity which is overdue would be a welcome change from the monotony of small profits, and in many cases heavy losses, which have characterised fire insurance business for some time past.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GIRLS' BOOKS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Norfolk House, Norfolk Street, Strand,
11 December, 1902.

SIR,—In connexion with the long correspondence which appeared in the SATURDAY REVIEW recently on the reading of boys and girls may I point out the curious fact that Mr. G. A. Henty a short time before he died stated that he always got considerably more letters from girls about his books than from boys? The short stories Mr. Henty wrote for my publication were more popular than the stories by what are called "girl writers". As an experiment (for I think the suggestion was a unique one) I asked Mr. Henty in the summer to write a serial story for the "Girl's Realm", at which he expressed great pleasure. This story, the last serial from his pen, was only just finished when he was taken with his fatal illness. After he got my commission Mr. Henty often expressed the intention of considering girls in connexion with his stories, endorsing the opinion of the Duchess of Sutherland which I had brought to his notice. "Why" asked her Grace "should courage, resource and fairplay be held up for the admiration of the male sex alone?"

Yours truly,
S. H. LEEDER,
Editor "Girl's Realm".

TEACHING IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eccles, Lancs.

SIR,—The great need in elementary education would appear to be mental elasticity. The rigidity if not of death at least the consequence of long bondage has not disappeared with the system which produced it. The methods of work in vogue under the results system continue to exist although the stimulus supplied by that system has been removed. Thus the handwriting in schools is often so laboriously excellent that the pen never becomes a means of ready, full, and fluent expression for the child; he writes a very little "very well", and not until teachers have free and full opportunities of getting quite clear for three years from the traditions of the results system and of doing higher work under the direction of first-rate minds—and the number of those fit to begin such a course is already considerable and is increasing yearly among young teachers—can we expect any great alteration in this respect.

The proportion of individuals who can take a line of their own must always be small, but between this ideal and the undeviating onrush of the railway engine some medium should be attainable in our schools—some motor-car-like ability to take any by-road that may be necessary or inviting and a power of going safely round sharp corners. But the chief factor in the success of a motor-car trip is the training and skill of the chauffeur—it is even suggested that drivers shall be certificated!

I remain, yours faithfully,
FRANK J. ADKINS.

THE REV. ROBERT HALL TO THE DISSENTERS OF TO-DAY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Apparently the present attitude of nonconformists, in their keen opposition to the "religious atmosphere" policy in schools, is also in violent opposition to the views of one of their own most "shining lights" of this last century. I read in a sermon by the eloquent Baptist minister the Rev. Robert Hall, a sermon delivered, it is true, about seventy years ago, (would they perhaps call it antiquated?) but entitled, most appropriately for the present controversy, "The Advantages of Knowledge to the Lower Classes", that he urges on those "who will have the conduct of the school, to impress on these children a deep conviction of their radical corruption, and of the necessity of the agency of the Spirit to render the knowledge they acquire practical and experimental. . . . Be not satisfied with making them read a lesson or repeat a prayer. By everything tender and solemn in religion, . . . aim to fix serious impressions on their hearts. Aim to produce a religious concern, carefully watch its progress, and endeavour to conduct it to a prosperous issue. Despise the profane clamour that would deter you from attempting to render them serious, . . . not doubting for a moment that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and that the path to true happiness lies through purity, humility, and devotion. Let it be your highest ambition to train up these children for an unchanging condition of being. Spare no pains to recover them to the image of God". These views are evidently what Roman Catholics are willing to sacrifice much for. Sooner than risk losing this "religious concern" in their schools, they would bear the whole burden of them—and would pay the rates besides. Even the more willingly, if this religious concern was to pervade the education of all English children. This is also what the Established Church thinks so important, that she is struggling her utmost to keep it—this spirit of the Rev. Robert Hall—in her schools, being the official guardian of the country's religion. Perhaps it is only the "religious atmosphere" of the Established Church that nonconformists wish to do away with, and to replace by an equally definite one of their own? In that case it were only honesty to confess it. Not having built—not possessing trust-deeds—they yet wish for religiously guided schools, provided they are guided according to . . . the ideas of the Rev. Robert Hall?—or, of a more modern conception of the needs of British citizenship? This modern conception is evidently that the image of God can be impressed or not, in a casual half-hour—or on Sundays: but that geography, and history &c. are more important "concerns" for the up-to-date—Rosebery—efficient citizen of our mighty empire.

Yours faithfully,
G. D.

GREEK IN OXFORD.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A few weeks ago a correspondent writing to you under the above heading, suggested that if any concession be made to those who advocate the omission of Greek to one set of students, a similar concession should be made in the matter of mathematics. He was right. Some fifty years ago it was possible to get an Oxford degree without any mathematics at all. For that reason alone I succeeded in being sent to Oxford instead of to Cambridge as had been always intended. I have not and never had any capacity for mathematics, and should never have obtained a degree if mathematics or even arithmetic had been indispensable, and I am only an instance of a type of mind by no means uncommon. Your correspondent says that to his knowledge numbers on that account have abandoned all thoughts of a University career. I hope therefore your correspondent will persevere in his remonstrance, if the elimination of Greek is again proposed.

The various branches of science, whether natural or

unnatural, may be very beneficial, but they ought not to absorb the curriculum of the University course, nor to be so important a factor as to exclude non-scientific minds from academic life.

Your obedient servant,
RICHARD W. HILEY.

If your correspondent returns to the subject, I may do the same.

THE COBDEN CLUB AND "THE DAILY MAIL".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Gray's Inn, 13 December, 1902.

SIR,—In your issue of 6 December, you quote an inaccurate statement which the "Daily Mail" has repeatedly published, although the inaccuracy was carefully pointed out to the Editor both by letter from myself and through his representatives sent to me in search of copy. The point is a very simple one. The Cobden Club has for many years made a practice of electing as honorary members any foreigners who have done good work for the cause of free trade in their own countries. The more of such members we can get, the better for the prospects of free trade abroad. The Club therefore warmly welcomes these gentlemen as honorary members, but they neither contribute to its funds, nor control its policy. Nor would they even if they were ten times as numerous, in the least affect the essentially English character of the Cobden Club.

The great Englishman from whom the Club takes its name was a free trader because he believed that free trade would add to the prosperity of England. That belief is still the guiding principle of the Cobden Club. Protectionist papers may argue that we are wrong; but they are not justified in suggesting that we are unpatriotic.

Yours obediently,
HAROLD COX,
Secretary to the Cobden Club.

[There was no suggestion on our part that the Club was unpatriotic. We pointed out that it appeared to be true that half of the whole membership were foreigners resident abroad, and that the Club had less than 200 genuine English members. Mr. Harold Cox does not deny this. At the same time we expressly stated that in our view the "Daily Mail" was guilty of over-statement and was extravagant in its inferences. That stricture we see no reason to qualify.—ED. S.R.]

THE HUSTLING AWAY OF JAMES II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford and Cambridge Club, Pall Mall, S.W.

SIR,—“C. W.” is incorrigible. The only authorities he seems to have consulted are Evelyn's Diary and the Dictionary of National Biography and from these he draws hopelessly false inferences. I possess copies of the letters in the Ashmolean Collection to which the writer in the National Biography refers and I can assure “C. W.” that they do not contain the slightest allusion to Gibbons' nationality or to that of his father. “Vertue” says Horace Walpole “had received two different accounts of his (Gibbons') birth; from Murray the painter, that he was born in Holland of English parents, and came over at the age of nineteen; from Stoaikes, that his father was a Dutchman, but that Gibbons himself was born in the Strand”. The latter account we know to be false from the letter in the Ashmolean MSS. which proves that he was born in 1648 at Rotterdam; the truth of the former account is not demonstrable but it is borne out by the English surname, and by Ralph Thoresby, the contemporary diarist who claims Gibbons as a “countryman” i.e. as a Yorkshireman. “Tradition” says Allan Cunningham “while it claims him for a Londoner, is silent concerning his foreign parentage”. “C. W.” says that all authorities are agreed that his parents were Dutch. I challenge him to produce one.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. H.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Annandale House, High Wickham,
Hastings, 1902.

SIR,—May I be allowed to bring forward as an additional reason why the statue of James II. should be restored to its original position the uniform belief of well-educated persons living more than three-quarters of a century ago as to the reason why it was made and placed there? I became aware of this for the first time when a very small boy, and after I had read an account of the execution of Charles I., by my father taking me to see the statue, the forefinger of which pointed to a spot at a very small distance from it, and telling me that the statue represented James II. and that the finger was pointing at the spot upon the scaffold upon which his father's head fell when it was struck off. Some years after this, I think about seventy years ago, someone stated it to be his opinion that it was more likely to be pointing to the spot on which James II.'s feet touched the English shore for the last time. To which it was replied that if so the Thames must have been very much wider at that time if it reached that spot, and that it was not likely that in the state of things after his departure anyone would have been allowed to place a statue of him there; while the universality and continuity of the tradition concerning it combined with other considerations seemed to prove that the usual belief was the correct one. No doubt seemed ever to be entertained as to this being a statue of James II.; nor was there any doubt about the one at Charing Cross representing Charles I. On the contrary after Royal Oak Day something would frequently appear in print respecting the absurdity of decking the statue of the father to commemorate the escape of the son. The general belief was, and it was often stated in print, that after the execution of the king this statue was ordered to be sold on the condition that it would be broken up: that it was bought by a person who professed to show the pieces of it and who made knives with handles which he said were made of those pieces and sold at considerable profit to members of both political parties, those of the one buying them as mementoes of their king and those of the other as memorials of their triumph over him; and that after the Restoration he produced the statue which he had not destroyed but buried. If the mention in Evelyn's Diary under the date of 24 July, 1680, refers to the statue at Charing Cross and implies that it was completed and set up for the first time on that date, it is wholly irreconcilable with what was at one time at any rate the popular and general belief, but if it has reference to it having been restored to its position it may be in perfect conformity with it. But anyhow that statue can have no connexion whatever with this statue of James II. and the date of 31 December, 1686, would seem to be a very probable one for its erection. But in regard to this statue of James II. it seems very sad and humiliating that an historic monument so interesting in a national point of view, and with such awful associations, should be removed from the site it was made to be placed upon and in such a way that I suppose the majority of the nation was not aware of it. I had no knowledge of it having been removed till I received the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 8th of last month.

Yours respectfully,
D. G. J.

HYMNOLOGY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss, 14 December, 1902.

SIR,—A collation of “The Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix” with Dr. Neale's free and spirited paraphrastic rendering thereof furnishes no material for criticising the translator's use of the term “bonded” which “A. N.” describes as an “exceptionable metaphor”. Inasmuch indeed as the substantive “bond” is the common English technical term for denoting the mode of arrangement of bricks and stones in the courses of mundane masonry, there is surely no excess of legitimate poetic license in employing the participle

"bonded" to express the imaginary disposition of unpriced gems in the ageless walls of celestial architecture. A list of translated and original hymns composed by the "Poet of Stinchcombe" may be found on pp. 339-40 of Messrs. Parkers' publication entitled—"A Historical Companion to Hymns Ancient and Modern".

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

E. T. FRERE.

BAD LANGUAGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Oxford, 15 December, 1902.

SIR,—As a student who takes great interest in the history of the development of the spoken language I have read with much interest the discussion which has been going on for some time in your columns upon the vernacular of the lower classes, and especially the attempts which have been made by your correspondents to explain the etymology of that perpetual intensive, heard everywhere in the streets which is usually printed in police reports "b—y". I am not quite sure whether the word in question ought to be placed under the category of "bad language". It is a word of respectable origin, from no obscene or profane source. Dr. Murray tells us that it was "in general colloquial use from the Restoration to the middle of the eighteenth century". It is like many other words (brat, imp, gossip, harlot) a word that has come down in the world. But one must be careful how one taboos a term which is in such universal request as a vent for the feelings of hundreds of thousands of Englishmen. I tremble to think what would be the effect of a strict interdict on the use of this hard-worked intensive. I really believe that the effect would be to suppress the expression of any emotion, to reduce thousands of perfectly harmless and well-meaning Englishmen to a pitiable state of aphasia. Let me tell a story which will illustrate this point. Two sailors, quiet respectable men, were walking up Ludgate Hill, when all at once they stopped lost in æsthetic admiration, gazing up at the majestic dome of S. Paul's. One said to his mate, "It's bloody high"! The other, evidently thinking the remark not quite appropriate, said in kind and solemn reproof, "You shouldn't say that, Bill"! Upon which his enthusiastic companion, without any intentional defiance, but simply in the storm and stress of his admiration, said with intense conviction, "It's BLOODY high". Now, could this be called "bad language"? It was really a case of this or nothing—this or pent-up incommunicable emotion.

Many conjectures have been hazarded on the derivation of this strangely popular word, the obvious etymology, namely that it is a derivative of "blood", being of course contemptuously disregarded as too simple. We may safely dismiss the explanation "By'r Lady", and the Irish derivation mentioned in this week's "SATURDAY", as impossible from considerations both of form and meaning. A remark of an Irish carman which was heard some years ago in Dublin may set us on the track of what we are seeking. An Englishman one day, taking a one-sided view of Irish life in an Irish car, asked the carman in chaff whether his horse was a blood-horse. "Yes" was the reply, "all the Dublin horses are blood-horses", and, giving the animal a flick with his whip gratia emphasis, he added, "and this is the bloodiest of the lot". The carman was not using bad language. In the Lincolnshire dialect the word "bloody" means "of good blood"; for instance, "he comes of a bloody stock, that's why he's good to poor folks". So in Yorkshire they say, "She cooms of a bloody sort". This would be considered a great compliment. For these elegant extracts see "The English Dialect Dictionary". From this use to the colloquial intensive use there is but a very short step. With this connexion of the word "bloody" with the idea of good birth we may compare the Shakespearian use of "blood" in "King John" where we find the phrase "well-borne bloods", for high-spirited youths of good blood.

COMESTOR OXONIENSIS.

MARY IN BETHLEHEM.

A NATIVITY PLAY.

Persons.

MARY. THE THREE SHEPHERDS.
JOSEPH. THE THREE KINGS.

The Stable in Bethlehem. Mary, lying in the manger, with the Child asleep in her arms, has just awakened. Joseph lies on the ground asleep.

MARY.

Is it the morning? I am cold.
Look out and tell me if the moon
Has led the stars into their fold;
Then shut the door and make it fast.

[Joseph rises, goes to the door, and looks out.]

JOSEPH.

The night is blue, with stars of gold;
The middle watch of night is past:
See now, it will be morning soon!
Yet there is time enough for sleep.

[He shuts the door, and stands near the manger.]

MARY.

The child is sleeping, I have slept,
And in my dream I think I wept;
I will not sleep again and weep.

JOSEPH.

Tell me the dream.

MARY.

I seemed to see
A mighty city, as it were
The city of Jerusalem;
And all the folk ran to and fro,
Shouting, and in the midst of them
Three woeful figures, and the three
Bore each a cross he could not bear;
And as I looked I seemed to know
The face of one of them, and then
Such bitter tears began to flow
That I awakened, and in fear
Felt for my child, and he was here,
And I was comforted again.

JOSEPH.

O Mary, have no fear at all;
God is our father, and shall keep
Our feet, whether we wake or sleep.
Lie down again, and lay your head
Here, where the careful ox has fed
That stands in sleep beside his stall.

[He lies down again and sleeps.]

MARY.

Behold the handmaid of the Lord!
It was an angel, and I said
The words I feared to understand.
What was it, when upon my bed
Suddenly the mild glory poured,
And in the glory was a voice
Bidding my soul greatly rejoice,
Because the Lord God was at hand?
O child of mine, marvellously
Born of the shadow of God, can this

Be for no great design of His
Who sits upon the flaming sun
And sets His feet upon the sea?
If I but knew what He decreed,
Before this body of mine was made
To be the mother of His son,
Then were I satisfied indeed;
But now I am afraid and wait,
And know not why I am afraid.

[A knock; Joseph awakes.]

JOSEPH.

There is a knocking at the gate.

[He opens the door; the Three Shepherds come in.]

FIRST SHEPHERD.

Sir, if a newborn child be here
That in a manger lies,
We pray you that you let us near
To see him with our eyes.

JOSEPH.

Good shepherds, it is early morn;
But come; his mother wakes; come in;
There was no housing in the inn,
And in a manger he was born,
And there in swaddling clothes he lies.

SECOND SHEPHERD.

O brother shepherds, we have found
The Saviour as they said;
Let us kneel down upon the ground
And pray about his bed.

[The Shepherds kneel.]

MARY.

Shepherds, good shepherds, tell me why
You come about the break of day,
And kneel before my child, and pray
As if the stable where we lie
Were holy, or the Lord were nigh.

[The Shepherds rise.]

THIRD SHEPHERD.

We shepherds watched our flocks by night,
And lo, an angel made
A glory of exceeding light,
And we were sore afraid.

Then said the angel: Shepherds all,
Fear not; I bring from heaven
Good tidings of great joy, which shall
Be to all people given.

For unto you is born this day
A Saviour, and his name
Is Christ the Lord; go ye your way
With haste to Bethlehem.

There, wrapped in swaddling clothes, he lies,
A manger for his sleep.
There was a singing in the skies,
And we forgot our sheep.

MARY.

O shepherds, kneel if ye will kneel;
I know not what these tidings be,
But my heart kneels, even as ye.
Then go your way, and may the peace
Of God be on us all.

[The Shepherds one after another bow before the Child, and go out.]

I feel

The wonder growing in my side.

JOSEPH.

Mary, what tidings then are these,
That have but come to shepherd folk,
Poor men that know not anything?
Think you it was God's angel spoke?
Shall these find God out, if He hide
His will from Herod who is King?

MARY.

That which God wills He wills; if He
Have need of such a messenger,
Then would He send to us a King.

[A knock. The Three Kings come in.]

GASPAR.

I am a King, and bring a gift of myrrh. *[He kneels.]*

MELCHIOR.

I am a King, and bring a gift of gold. *[He kneels.]*

BALTHASAR.

I am a King, and I bring frankincense. *[He kneels.]*

JOSEPH.

My lords, we are but humble men. *[The Three Kings rise.]*

MARY.

O Kings, acquaint your handmaiden,
Have ye met shepherds going hence,
Shepherds returning to their fold?

GASPAR.

The stars talk with us and we talk with them:
We followed the bright angel of a star.

MARY.

What is this star, and did it lead
To this poor manger-bed indeed?

MELCHIOR.

The star was with us in the East afar,
It called us out of heaven to Bethlehem;
The star went with us, and it led us on,
And now it stands in heaven sentinel,
And we have come to worship at a throne.

MARY.

What is this throne? Where is the King?
Kings of the East, I charge ye, tell!

BALTHASAR.

The King of all the earth is here; he lies
Within a manger; we have come to bring
The homage of the world unto the King
Whose kingdom God has written in the skies.
[They bend over the Child in turn.]

GASPAR.

Child, and my lord, I give you myrrh, to prove
The earth a bed of odours for your love.

MELCHIOR.

Child, and my King, I give you gold, to make
The world a heavenly loser for your sake.

BALTHASAR.

O Son of God, I breathe from every sense
The sacrificial smoke of frankincense.
[The Three Kings go out]

JOSEPH.

Mary, the child shall be a king.

MARY.

Blessed among all women, yea,
I have been chosen for this thing.
Now I have waited long enough,
I do not hope nor am afraid,
I do not look upon the way,
I have been chosen by God's love.
Now is this body, that was made
Of sinful and of mortal clay,
In the warm love of God arrayed,
And I am His and He is mine;
And now I know that I have known
God, all of God, and God alone,
And that the Son of God must be
As God is, human yet divine,
God in the Godhead, man in me.
O, when I hold my little child
Against my heart, and stoop to see
If he has waked from sleep and smiled,
I carry an immortal load;
My child, no less my child to me
Because I know my child is God.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

REVIEWS.

A SECRET INTELLIGENCER OF THE
FRENCH REVOLUTION.

"Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution." By
Bernard Mallet. London: Longmans & Co.
1902. 12s. 6d.

THIS is a contribution towards the final and absolutely veracious history of the French Revolution—a big book by Mr. Bernard Mallet about an ancestor of his called Jacques Mallet, or Mallet Vallier, generally known as Mallet du Pan. We cannot honestly call it a good book. It is far too much of a family matter. The author dedicates it to his sons and quotes Gibbon to this effect:—"For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves." This is well enough and shows a very proper spirit. But Gibbon said nothing of writing about his progenitors; and we fancy he would have been the last to make a book with the main purpose of eulogising them. Mr. Mallet not only eulogises his ancestor, not only praises his wisdom, generosity, integrity, on every other page, not only endorses a testimonial as to Mallet du Pan's character from—will the reader believe it?—Mallet du Pan's own daughter, but actually goes to the length of eulogising Mallet du Pan's son and other members of the family. Now the family may have been and may still be an estimable one. But the public cannot want adulation of Mallet du Pan's relatives, nor even of himself. The thing needed is a plain account of what he did in the world; and the incessant favourable interpretations of his actions are simply irritating interruptions. The author doth protest too much. There is plenty of evidence to show that Mallet du Pan was an honest man who did his life-work honestly according to his lights; and the everlasting talk about his "highmindedness", as though he were the only one in a period of frightful corruption who had clean hands, is annoying and engenders suspicion. All this comment is the less necessary as the story is largely made up of extracts from the autobiography of Mallet du Pan's son—which is naturally enough not unfavourable to Mallet du Pan.

Mallet du Pan played two rôles in life, that of journalist and that of secret intelligencer to King Louis and several of the big European Powers, England

amongst them. At times he played the one, at times the other; and sometimes he doubled the parts. He was born in Switzerland in 1749, and came of a stock, originally French, which had long become Swiss. He took part in various political and class disputes that have now no interest, and, leaving his aristocratic family connexions, turned democrat. His first pamphlet, "Compte rendu de la défense des citoyens bourgeois de Genève", was burnt before the Town Hall as a "seditious libel, an assault on the State, the councils, the citizens and the burgesses". He was then twenty-two or twenty-three years of age; but such an impression was made on Voltaire by this pamphlet that the old philosopher with a world-reputation "sought the acquaintance" of the young beginner at the trade. Later he met Linguet, one of the most brilliant pamphleteers and journalists who have ever lived; and the pair started the publication known as the "Annales politiques, civiles et littéraires du XVIII^e siècle", Linguet editing the Brussels and Mallet du Pan the Swiss edition. With what Mallet wrote and did at this period we have no particular concern; the circumstances and conditions of life that drew forth his articles have long since passed into the limbo of forgotten things. But we may note that it was then he acquired the journalist's rapid ease in using the pen, and also—what was to be his making or undoing afterwards—the trick of gathering information from every part of the Continent. Being a Protestant and a Swiss, he liked neither Voltaire nor the Encyclopædists; and thus at the beginning of his career—if career it can be called—he set himself against the omnipotent forces that in less than twenty years were to turn Europe upside down. What he was then he remained to the end; it was his fate, his misfortune or his glory, always to be in a minority, always on the losing side. Often indeed he formed a minority of one; and it is perfectly fair to conjecture that throughout his life the main part of his writings were bought rather for the facts they contained than for the opinions he expressed. By 1783 he had got to Paris and become editor of the "Mercure de France". It seems to have been an interesting paper. Here too again he was against everyone. He stirred the wrath of the aristocracy by his vigorous condemnation of the over-taxation of the toiling poor; he was no longer a thoroughgoing democrat, for he thought the English limited monarchy as good a form of government as was then attainable; and he looked upon the Encyclopædists with contempt as mere theorists, pedants, doctrinaires, forgetting, or never seeing, the terrible things that might happen should their theories be translated into actions by the bourgeoisie. Mr. Bernard Mallet writes that "the horrors of the Revolution led him in 1793 to repeat the maxim which, as he then said, had for fifteen years guided his thoughts:—

For forms of government let fools contest
Whate'er is best administered is best."

This, even if true, is not very definite. The truth is that Mallet du Pan, constantly described in the book as a man born for action, was the greatest dreamer of all the dreamers in an age of dreaming. What he preached when the Revolution arrived was a give-and-take policy. The king and aristocracy must abandon their old pretensions; and he wanted to be rid of all demagogues and demagogism. Neither side was willing to give; each wanted to take all it could and to keep all it had taken—with results that we know. Still, his journal prospered. It was at any rate financially successful. Camille Desmoulins railed against it and called Mallet by rude names; but throughout the country the "Mercure de France" was read. Mr. Bernard Mallet tells us why:—

"As time went on and he found he had expected too much of the public, he refrained less and less from the energetic expression of his own opinions; but in the early days his comments were both sparse and brief, and he trusted mainly to the eloquence of the facts, documents and proofs with which he filled his pages. A great feature of the 'Mercure', not found elsewhere, is the attention paid to events and opinions in the provinces where it was very widely circulated. From 1789, says M. Taine who quoted freely from

them, some hundreds of letters written on the spot, signed, dated, verified, gave Mallet regular information on the disturbances in the provinces. In 1791 and 1792 there were forwarded to him résumés and extracts, reports of the local administrations, manuscript accounts of the various jacqueries, details and figures and authentic documents now to be found in the national archives. But his analysis of the debates of the Two Assemblies upon which the attention of Europe was concentrated for the next three years was the work which gave its celebrity to the 'Mercure', and was the real foundation of its author's reputation."

Here, then, we have the secret, and the support of the conjecture we have ventured. Yet, if Mallet dreamed dreams and if his dreamings had no practical results at the time or later, he saw events as they actually happened and dived through the phenomena to their causes. He knew that the profligacy—for that is all it can be called—of Marie Antoinette in an epoch of unparalleled famine had enraged the populace against the monarchy; he said of "the quarrel of the Parliaments, the Assembly of the Notables, the deficit, the ministry of Necker, the assaults of philosophy: 'None of these things would have happened under a monarchy which was not rotten at the core'"—a saying which is on the whole true. That he misjudged Mirabeau, Danton and Napoleon was natural, perhaps inevitable; but he saw that the flight of the nobles and the threats of alien Powers would hasten the very catastrophe that the court wished to avert.

By 1792 Mallet, distrusted by nearly everyone, went as the King's emissary to Frankfurt; and most of the remainder of his life was spent as a gatherer of secret intelligence. He had his informants in every part of Europe; his long fingers gathered in everything to be known; and the Governments paid him—not too handsomely, it must be admitted—for his minutely detailed and laborious reports. It was not exactly highly honourable work: to our modern eyes at least it seems not very remote from the work of a spy; but it must be remembered that he was working for a "cause"—the tranquil settlement of France under some workable constitution; and the only difference between him and a hundred other plotters and schemers was that he took money for his labours and they expected to get money and estates when "the king enjoyed his own again". No one ever took his advice; he was the king's most sincere counsellor and the king would not listen to him; his information alone was wanted. No wonder that he retired to England, and, after a brief spell of journalism, died, disgusted and weary, in 1800, at the age of fifty-nine.

No lengthy summing up of Mallet du Pan is needed. He wrote a good, clean French, and could cut and thrust in debate with all but the strongest of his many opponents. At times he could be brilliant. But he was not a man of great ideas, of overwhelming emotions; neither was he a man of action, or, properly speaking, the man to direct the actions of others—above all, in such a time. He was essentially a sane, healthy, normal man; and his time being a time of upheavals and abnormal men he himself became, paradoxically, abnormal. He has been forgotten; and it seems unlikely that all the efforts of all the scholars will persuade the world to read him as Voltaire and Rousseau are still read. His aim was to write contemporary history for the future historian; and it may be that the historians will make use of him. But his principal claim to notice must always be that he was an adroit and indefatigable gatherer of information. It is useless to claim more for him; and Mr. Bernard Mallet would have done better had he claimed less.

BORDER ROMANCE.

"Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border." Edited by T. F. Henderson. London: Blackwood. 1902. 42s. net.

THE Border Minstrelsy has celebrated its centenary and the new birth of a splendid era of romance with an edition, worthy of the occasion and of the author. "Tis seventy years since" Lockhart gave us

the last, and since then there has been much acute criticism of ballad minstrelsy. But Dry-as-dusts seem out of their place when treading in the footsteps of Scott; the Border of the old riding days was a country by itself, and we are impressed most by the picturesque aspects of the subject. The very names are words of wizardcraft, like those with which Scott's namesake cleft Eildon Hills in three and bridled the Tweed with a bridge of stone. Tweed and Teviot, Ettrick and Yarrow, the Reidswire Fell and the Carter Fell,—what memories they evoke! The Borderers live again in those songs and ballads which Scott began to gather with loving zeal when he made his forays into Liddesdale with Shortreed. Fragmentary they may be; supplemented, restored and sometimes even rewritten by the pioneer who, as Mr. Henderson remarks, prepared the way for his successors. But though history may be distorted and incidents fantastically exaggerated, the essential truth of the details carries irresistible conviction. As we should expect, it is the rugged poetry of a wild race who shifted for their living and had neither time nor taste to cultivate the graces. In spirit, form and especially in colour, it is primitive and intensely local. Raiding and fighting are the eternal themes which roused the wandering harper's audience to criticism. Though there are fine touches of woman's self-sacrifice in "Tamlane", there is little of the love-making which inspired the lays of the troubadors in the orange groves of sensuous Provence. The castle and the bartizaned peel tower were built for business, and there were no balconies to tempt sighing lovers to serenades. But there is deep pathos in the lament of the maiden who has lost her lover as of the widow who was mourning her "man"; and it would be hard to match in tenderness "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow", or "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell".

Then there is the fire of action with the seeming drop to bathos in Jamie Telfer's lament for his driven kye. But the love of his own and the lust for his neighbour's kye were the borderer's incentive to deeds of high daring. Taken redhanded when raiding in Cumberland and fettered in irons in Carlisle dungeons, we have such daredevil rescues as that of "Kinmont Willie", which by the way Scott is believed to have almost rewritten in his clannish flow of admiration. Yet it is obvious in every stanza that he was only remodelling traditional material. The borderer had little religion, but much superstition. He embodied spirits that were potent for evil or good in the wail of the winds and the splash of the flooded water. When riding "the wan water", up to the saddle girths, as when Buccleuch gave the slip to the Captain of Carlisle, it was not only the torrent in spate that he feared, but the Kelpie who was watching till his horse should stumble. When the Brown Man of the Moors rose from the bracken in Leyden's ballad, the Court of Keeldar was startled but not surprised. It was no uncommon occurrence when the Knight in "Tamlane" was carried off by the fairies to captivity in Elfland. And there is a strange combination of the real and ideal in such grim ballads as that where Clerk Saunders comes from the kirkyard to the bed of his bride. Mr. Lang might say that it is an example of the growth of "folk fancy", for it seems a Scottish replica of Bürger's Leonore. But each verse in "Clerk Saunders" drives home the conviction that the borderer had blind belief in the ghastly details. All the ballads dwell on the virtues held most in regard, on courage, hardihood, self-reliance and faith to the plighted word. The one exception to the last was when Hobbie Noble was betrayed, and, notwithstanding the gallant part he played in the rescue of Kinmont Willie, we suspect the Armstrongs mistrusted him as an English renegade. The Border minstrels recognise no vices: the whole duty of man was to plunder his neighbour, and as Scott says, they had turned morality topsy-turvy and effaced the eighth commandment from the decalogue.

It seems to us that the theory of cosmopolitan growth from popular fancy will not hold water. Those ballads with their wide range of beauty and merit can never have grown spontaneous like Topsy or mushrooms. Here and there, in work defaced by time and dilapidated by tradition, we see the unmistakable touch of some mighty minstrel of genius. It is strange indeed

that so much of the picturesque and beautiful remains, considering that the ballads have been handed down from mouth to mouth, by old women who crooned them with failing memory, or by harpers who had got them professionally by rote and must often when singing have been "concerned in liquor". It is in discussing criticisms and the various versions of the presumptive original that Mr. Henderson is most interesting. His prefatory note is only too short. But in the notes which supplement Scott's introductions, he shows his industrious research and rare critical acumen, especially in his comments on "Tamlane" and "The Dowie Dens". He collates various versions and compares authorities. We cannot say we are always so grateful as perhaps we ought to be. His conclusions must necessarily be assumption rather than assurance, but he has seriously shaken our faith in much that was hallowed in memory by fond associations. It is notorious that Scott had taken great liberties—indeed, he confessed as much: he had been cleverly imposed upon by Surtees, and had lent too credulous an ear to the promptings of the Ettrick Shepherd. But Mr. Henderson unfortunately shows excellent cause for condemning whole stanzas and couplets as spurious and modern. The severest shock was when we gave up our belief in the two grandest lines of "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens". It seems it is to Scott and not to the forgotten bard that we are indebted for,

"The lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea".

After all what does it matter? We knew to start with that we had none of the ballads in their primitive purity, and should we have had greater pleasure in them, had they not passed through the hands of the master of the lyre, the magician of the Borders? But Mr. Henderson does Scott ample justice. Scott never professed to stand upon extreme purity: his desire was to invite attention to a field which had profoundly interested himself. How well he succeeded is shown by the appearance of this edition a century after he had broken almost virgin soil. None the less does Mr. Henderson's able editing give a novel charm to the familiar old strains. Scott took for granted the antiquity of "Auld Maitland", and Professor Veitch in his "History and Poetry of the Border" assumes it as a matter of course. It was disputed many years ago by Aytoun and by Maidment, a briefless advocate, with a rare flair for the antique, and now those authorities are backed up by Child. But whether ancient or modern, it gave Scott the text for an essay on chivalry, which only yields in length and interest to his disquisition on the fairies and the world of the Unseen prefixed to "Tamlane". In "Otterbourne", the Scottish version of the English "Chevy Chase", Mr. Henderson is critically at his best. In "Jamie Telfer" he has detected Scott tripping in chronology and the identification of persons, though the personages concerned are Wat of Harden and the Chief of Branksome who fell in the streets of High Dunedin. Lockhart remarked in the "Life" that the germs of all the Waverley Novels are to be found in the "Minstrelsy", and from the Raid of the Reidswire the English leaders with their characters are transferred bodily to "The Monastery". To "Kinmont Willie" Scott gives a specially elaborate introduction. He avers that it had been "much mangled" and that he had dealt freely in emendations. "The Fray of Suport", with its rugged style—there can be no mistake about its antiquity—has always commended itself to us. Scott pronounces it "the most uncouth of all". It is interesting besides, because it evidently gave Surtees the cue, when he imposed on Scott his admirable forgery of "The Death of Featherstonhaugh". As to "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow", Scott tells us that it was collected from a variety of copies, and it is easy to trace the hand of the alchemist.

We could ramble on indefinitely, if we had space. As it is, we close the book with a feeling which we suppose should be of satisfaction, but is rather of misgiving, that as the poems and the Waverley Novels set all Britain a-travelling, this superb edition of the "Minstrelsy" will give a fresh impulse to tour-

ing on the Borders. From Hermitage, the hold of the wizard Lord Soulis, from Mangertoun, the lonely keep of the Armstrong reivers on the Liddel, to the island fortalice of Lochwood—prototype of Avenel—whose builder, as the King said, must have been a thief in his heart—from Berwick and Tweedmouth to Crooks of Dee and the Solway, each scene has been commemorated in the ballad poetry.

ALMOST POETS.

"Bethlehem." By Laurence Housman. London: Macmillan. 1902. 3s.

"The Sailing of the Long-ships." By Henry Newbolt. London: Murray. 1902. 2s. 6d.

"Poems." By Sir Edward Reed. London: Grant Richards. 1902. 5s. net.

"The Lost Parson and other Poems." By J. A. Bridges. London: Elkin Mathews. 1902. 3s. 6d.

MR. HOUSMAN'S play can scarcely be judged by itself. It was made for music and scenery and in company with them must be judged. Yet it has some faults that not even Moorat's music and the scenic pictures could cover. The reverence is real enough; but, after the canon of the Ruskin paradox, all true art is contemporary. Such conscious and continuous imitation of the antique is too great a burden for a worker in poetry of any sort to attain. The bucolic dialect of the shepherds—taken from the southern counties (passim)—affects one a little, as do the Magdalenes whom some modern French painters like to deck in the finery of present Paris. Again, the naïf rhyming of Bible phrases and passages may please us in old carols, just because they are old and because they reflect an old attitude of mind; but at this date, unless treated with the simplicity that is of every age, become affectations, uncomely conceits, unreal tributes. Also it is the punishment of imitators that they must sometimes forget themselves.

"The blood pricks in my thumbs;
'Tis like a ghost he comes"!

is not in the dialect of the southern counties, though Shakespeare said something like it. Perhaps it is not wholly a bad compliment to say of the play, since it is largely a subscript legend to a succession of tableaux, that the best part of it are the rubrics, the stage directions. It is rather a long carol of the Nativity than a play; and can bear no comparison, though this has been thrust upon it, with "Everyman", in which was the true stuff of drama. After the Nativity play are given some Christmas songs and "The Pageant of our Lady". The sense of reverence in them and the absence of poetry together preclude criticism.

Many authors, on the principle that the evil that men do lives after them, are pursued by the fame of what they hold to be their inferior work. Mr. Newbolt has so suffered. When he wrote a fine ode of Khartoum in a stately measure—"mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile"—the critics and the public asked petulantly: why does he not give us something like "Drake's Drum"? We should be inclined to put "Drake's Drum" relatively high in Mr. Newbolt's own work and absolutely high in the music borrowed by man from the sea. Sea Songs too are as full of the salt of poetry as a poet could wish. But a man cannot always be piling up stones and shouting *θάλασσα, θάλασσα* from the top; and even "Drake's Drum", when beaten in excess, might fail to please. The title of the new volume suggests that Mr. Newbolt has given way a little to the critics; but though very pretty it is anything but accurate. The titular poem seemed to us the least good of the poems, in many of which the inspiration comes rather from war than the sea. So far as we have read the war poems of the last few years, Mr. Newbolt seems to us the one writer who has quite successfully put into verse its heroism and pathos without losing any of the stuff of manliness. Tears are not pathetic, things are; and it is in the presentation of the things themselves so that we feel the heart of them that the poet is justified. The common criticism that such and such a one is cold comes from the senti-

mentalist who is more affected by tears on the cheeks than the *lacrimæ rerum*. So one or two of these poems should live by virtue of the reality in them: they were worth giving. Nevertheless the publishing of these little, very little books has a danger for reputation. They suggest the ephemeral. We prefer to read a man with the momentum of his progress to help us. One sees faults in extracts, as it were, which might be merits in a complete work. In some of these pieces: the Indian tale, the commemoration ode—fine as it is—the Gordon ode, Mr. Newbolt seemed to us to have lost a little ground by too much intellectuality, as if his philosophy of poetry and his inspiration did not always run together. It is a rare fault for intellect to dominate sentiment—the danger now and again caught Matthew Arnold—and it would be a real loss to English poetry if the editor in Mr. Newbolt interfered at all with the poet. There is something of the schoolmaster in every man, some woman said. So too there is something of the dogmatist—witness Milton, Wordsworth, Coleridge—in most poets, and to that extent there is interference with their genius.

One goes to the poetry of Sir Edward Reed not quite unbiased. Did not Tennyson bear witness to his "gallant spirit"; and Tennyson was essentially a sane critic as well as a great poet. Gallant is perhaps the word. Sir Edward Reed is bluff, direct. He would avoid the labor *limæ* by which Tennyson converted more than one bad poem, for example "The Miller's Daughter", into enduring literature. His strength is that he has the zest of the Saxon word and loves the pith of things.

"Fresh are the blown sea waves when toppling o'er
They smite the ringing shingle of the shore"

is of the sea, salt. We liked too for the same Saxon force "The Firm Word", a note as it were on Tennyson's "It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill".

"The firm word,

The level tone, the front of fate
Would keep in sheath the half-drawn sword
And turn the foeman from the gate."

We have seen the sentiment a hundred times in leading articles. But it is no small feat to mint again into worth so worn a piece; and that without apparatus of metaphor or illustration.

Nor is it easy to approach Mr. Bridges without expectations of something better than the usual twittering. You expect poetry from a Bridges as cricket from a Studd. The titles of the poems help to increase the expectation; "The old labourer to his smock", "The ploughboy's whistle", "The old spaniel", "All on one side like a Bridgnorth election", "Sweetbriar". And indeed it is a book for those to read in town whose sight of the country must be vicarious. Some of Mr. Robert Bridges' lyrics could bring up Berkshire even to Grub Street. These country poems of Mr. John Bridges, though very different from those of his brother, in one sense less poetic, are made distinguished by affection; and the language of real affection, the Elizabethans notwithstanding, is always simple; or perhaps it is truer to say, always adapted to its subject. The poems carry their appeal on their face. Their art is the "ars amoris", their inspiration the love of the things. One could chatter pleasantly with "the old labourer" and with the old spaniel loiter. Does he not take us, as the word suggests, to "la terre"?

SOCIETY IN THE FOURTH CENTURY.

"Life and Letters in the Fourth Century." By T. R. Glover. Cambridge: at the University Press. 10s. net.

WE have nothing but praise for the charming volume which lies before us. It is the result of five Canadian winters, spent by a Cambridge tutor in a Western university as professor. It forms a remarkable pendant or continuation to Dill's similar work on Roman society, at the close of the Western Empire; and this coincidence, entirely free from deliberate

design, betrays how much scholars and students, as well as pure historians and ecclesiastics, are pre-occupied with that fascinating period; and how even the classical Latinist can travel outside the Augustan and Silver age, in the pursuit of humanism and in the sympathetic criticism of style. The work takes the form of fifteen more or less independent but complementary essays; on such authors and actors as Ammian, Julian, Symmachus, Macrobius, Claudian among the reactionary paganising set, ending in the bitter hopelessness of Palladas, of anthology fame; each showing the failure of the old religion to hold the minds of the learned or the devotion of the vulgar. And, on the Christian side, we find Augustine, Prudentius, Sulpicius Severus, and Synesius, who form a link by displaying a significant moment of transition from the old to the new faith. All this very various appreciation is done with singular clearness and judgment; with good humour and careful analysis; with wide learning and illuminating analogies; with a command of language and style which in such works is as a rule not conspicuous. As he continues and completes Dill's survey of Western and Imperial Rome's last century, so he has a partner in his criticism of Synesius, to whom a portly volume has but recently been dedicated. If comparisons however are permissible, one might perhaps say that of the three very similar works, this present has the air of distinction in style and discrimination in method, which must place it on a somewhat higher level. It is another noteworthy fact that all three are written from the temperate "clerical" standpoint. While just to heathen writers and admirers of the majesty unity and law of Rome, they all alike reserve their commendation for the new spirit and the great change. Thus Julian's latest female biographer has not found a follower; and the verdict of Comte's hagiography upon such reactionaries as Diocletian and Julian is approved.

Mr. Glover's writing is full of good things, happy and unaffected and natural epigrams or summaries, which show the author not only as a student of profound erudition, but as a literary man of wit humour and acuteness. Many of these contain not only clever and convincing epitomes of men or characters or tendencies but in brief the verdict of mature thought upon an entire epoch; so that from them we can gather his general views upon the subject. We may at times be struck at the novelty even the audacious originality of some of his criticisms. He notices the undercurrent of melancholy in all the heathen writers beginning even with the "essential hopelessness and sadness of Virgil" and recognises the spring of cheerfulness and tempered gaiety in Christian society alone. To him, anchoritism and ascetic practice is a fatal legacy of Hellenism, as gradually working its insidious way into the fold. "It has taken some three centuries to capture the Church". "Every Eastern worship known to the Roman world, except Judaism and Christianity, laid stress on asceticism." Vigorous and active well-doing, interest in the new concept of world-government, is to him its more characteristic feature; for "the great note distinguishing Christian from pagan literature is its fundamental gladness". To most modern critics, it is clearly from the Christians that the fresh impulse to endeavour came; and it is idle to remain longer in Goethe's error about "Greek blitheness" or suppose that the "decay of the civic ideal" was due to Christian influence. The weapon of opposition most skilfully wielded by the reactionaries at this epoch was silence. It was a point of honour and of style to refrain from mentioning the hated name of the humble and yet triumphant sect. "Macrobius knows something of Christianity, but his culture forbids him to mention it". To "ignore the Christians" was the first canon of literary style, (we will not call it, classical), although in the utter impoverishment of inspiring substance or novel treatment, men were content to follow (but with what an interval!) in the footprints of the old masters of language. Again and again Mr Glover notes this curious point, which sometimes make us wonder whether we are not mistaken in putting Ammian, Macrobius, Claudian in the same centuries with Athanasius, Ausonius, and Augustine.

He finally summarises this bewilderment tersely and correctly: "Christianity was victorious and his revenge was silence". As he does not shrink from reversing the once current belief that Christianity is responsible for the gloom of the Middle Ages, so he is equally both original and independent in dealing with individuals. Some will read with astonishment: "Constantine displays, though with fluctuations, a gradual development of high character from his accession to empire onwards through life; Julian on the other hand degenerated". Similarly he does justice to Constantius II., a prince who in his shyness reserve conscientiousness as well as in family troubles reminds us of Tiberius. Julian may "try to make political capital" out of Gallus' condemnation untried; but he "richly deserved his fate".

He is impartial and convincing in his judgments on religious tendencies. Manichæism (of which by the way Professor Huxley is the latest apostle) disputed the field with Catholic Christianity; and the triangular duel was completed by Neoplatonism, which confronted the Church, side by side with Manichæan Gnosticism, yet its very antipodes. In Julian and in Quintus of Smyrna, and later in Palladas (and we might add Maximian the Roman elegist), we have a melancholy and "retrospective Hellenism". In Symmachus we have an "apologist for dying Paganism". Augustine, compared with the Neoplatonist Emperor or Bishop, Julian or Synesius, is a robust and tireless seeker after truth; for here again it may surprise many to read of Synesius' "unspeculative" habit of mind. Perhaps this quality was due to vagueness of early training; for we read with amusement that he shared with R. L. Stevenson's favourite missionary the "inestimable advantage of growing up a layman". As a minor poet, we are glad to see at last the right sense of "theurgy" which is best explained by Synesius' quaint maxim that it is "bad manners to hustle the divine by magic". For this verdict is perfectly fair. "Philosophy still lived but it was not satisfactory: magic followed it like a shadow"; and again "Religious excitement . . . tended to supersede the moral standard"; and this, whether among the votaries of heathen magic or the female pilgrims in the Church Itinerant. For the colder philosophic indifference, which sees through the conventional distinctions of gods rites and worship to a Unity ultimately unknowable, Mr. Glover has a pleasant phrase: To Macrobius "the equations of heaven are interesting". In that most difficult, though commonest of literary essays, a generalisation on the state of the Empire, our author on the whole has clear insight and full knowledge. We note the waning interest in Rome ("a provincial capital with a past"). Her society as portrayed in the "Saturnalia", seems as genuinely unconscious of Rome and her mission, as it pretends to be of Christianity. Claudian and Prudentius, the pagan and the Christian, tower over their fellows in lofty conceptions and breadth of view; just because in them the Roman instinct is strong. It is this which "quickens the poetry of Claudian", as the victory of the Church inspires his Christian contemporary. And the Church was the residuary legatee of the inheritance and the mission of Rome. As to the decadence and want of spirit in this age of the Empire it is exceedingly difficult, perhaps unjust, to assign causes. Imperial centralisation may be held accountable for much; for Ausonius "The Roman people, the Campus Martius, the knights, the rostrum, the booths, the senate, the senate-house,—all were summed up in Gratian", a blameless but politically ineffective young huntsman who did much to loosen the network of imperial control. And a bureaucratic state needs a personal stimulus at the centre, if it is to retain vitality at all. Meddlesome interference and exhausting tolerance of detail are not really virtues in a supreme ruler; but if once this method is started it is unsafe to abandon it. In the East, Synesius believes the decay (of which he was fully aware) to arise from Diocletian's mistaken Orientalising policy, which immersed and swaddled the monarchs in ceremony and splendour, and put an end to that "first-hand" acquaintance with their empire which was the great merit of this long line of hard-working princes. But

probably the real fact is that such decay and decrepitude is inseparable from states which have civilisation, comfort and peace as their aim.

In literary criticism, our author is just and perspicacious. How true is this; "the earlier epigrams of the Anthology have the calm equipoise of all Greek Art". "Commodian suggests Evangeline as much as the *Aeneid*." "Claudian leans more to painting than to music." But we cannot reconcile the following: Nonnus is the "last great poet of the Greeks", yet in the Introduction his poetry is compared to the "playing of a prismatic fountain, the waters of which on analysis in a cold light prove to be dirty and full of infection"! Nor do we quite agree that his "dainty and monotonous rhythm is more suited to the idyll than the epic". Again he seems to think Longus' curious novel, "Daphnis and Chloe", to be "natural" in tone; while further on we have the truer verdict "all this is artificial in the highest degree, thoroughly rhetorical in every way, literary rather than spontaneous". In fact this psychological study of the loves of two innocent children, so irritating to the Puritan Macaulay, is unconvincing and a failure, like other attempts in a highly self-conscious and morbid age to get back to Nature's simplicity, merely by taking off all one's clothes.

Possibly, Mr. Glover is inclined to underrate Synesius' Neoplatonic treatises; his "Baldness" is not frankly a "humorous" work, nor a piece of fooling, nor a "parody of Neoplatonic ideas";—but rather, like Socratic myths and Appuleius' novel on the soul's pilgrimage, a serious lesson in a grotesque garb. Surely Sulpicius is not the "first of French prose-writers"! Has our author forgotten that galaxy of panegyrists, which arose in France at the revival of the Empire under Diocletian to salute in polished and rhythmic Latin the dawning of a better age? But we can delight in his modern parallels, between Browning and Prudentius, S. Martin and Christian Scientists, Sulpicius and Mr. Laurence Oliphant, Stevenson and Synesius,—and most amusing of all, Lord Beaconsfield, author of "Lothair", and—Claudian!

NOVELS.

"The Disentanglers." By Andrew Lang. With illustrations by H. J. Ford. London: Longmans. 1902. 6s.

There are several fields still open to Mr. Andrew Lang. His name, so far as we are aware, has not yet been connected with comic opera or farcical comedy—to say nothing of that special form of production which we were once accustomed to associate with the management of Mr. George Alexander. Mr. Lang, no doubt, would acquit himself creditably with a St. James' comedy, and might also prove no mean rival to the writers of such pieces as "The Girl from Kay's" and "What Happened to Jones". We should sit down complacently to listen to him in a playhouse in the same way that we settle down to a book of his at home in an easy-chair with the comfortable assurance that, at all events, we shall be entertained. Mr. Andrew Lang is essentially a "comfortable" writer, and the reader can always rely upon him to extricate himself neatly and without violence from the most ingeniously entangled plot or argument. Even when some fifteen years ago he produced "a shilling shocker" he was not outrageous. He thrilled but he did not terrify. Mr. Lang is like the conjuror performing his tricks before an audience of "grown-ups". He has the most charming way of reassuring his readers if they are inclined to become a little anxious about the fate of some favourite character or the eventuality of some precarious situation. "Leave it all to me", he says in effect, "I know what you want even better than you know yourselves". His new book "The Disentanglers" is distinctly reminiscent of Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights". It consists of a number of disconnected episodes in which a set of figures, to whom we are introduced in the opening chapters, is engaged. Two

impecunious but well-connected young men found a society with the object of assisting persons anxious to extricate themselves, their friends and relations from undesirable matrimonial entanglements. The various adventures of the intrepid Disentanglers are set forth with whimsical humour and reckless disregard of probabilities. Perhaps the best story in the book is "The Adventure of the First Clients" which contains the pretty incident of the rescue of two charming children from a cruel governess who designs to become their stepmother. In this and in other incidents of the volume Mr. Lang's good taste is shown in the treatment of situations which in less skilful hands might become risky or objectionable. But, apart from the stories themselves, a great deal of the interest of the book lies in the things said by the way. For Mr. Lang's art is the art of the essayist, and one would rather lose the thread of his ingenious plots than miss the graceful touches and illuminating suggestions that are scattered in his pages.

"Compromised: a Modern Masque." By Gertrude Warden and Harold E. Gorst. London: Greening. 1902. 6s.

After putting down this book we find ourselves wondering what the authors' ideas of a "masque" may be. If we accept the definition which they have written over three hundred and twelve pages it consists in getting a number of people—mostly objectionable—into a country house and putting them into a number of situations—mostly unpleasant. Artemis Thornton is "compromised" by a young man and he is told that he must propose marriage to her; he does (a few hours after their first meeting) and is rejected with scorn. In another twenty-four hours they are an engaged couple. Such is the story in brief. There are many other characters about as real as Artemis and some situations that to put it bluntly are nasty—such for example is that in which a mother plots to get her daughter shut up in a summer house with an "eligible" that she too may force a proposal as the result of being "compromised."

"The Plague of the Heart." By F. Prevost. London: Ward, Lock. 1902. 6s.

A cleverness with words, even a capacity for making the most of a situation, are not altogether safe possessions for a teller of tales. A tale is not only an intellectual feat; and there is some truth in the contention that a servant girl is often better equipped than the born critic. Mr. "Prevost" is as far removed as possible from the servant girl; and in the few passages where he falls to describing the gymnastic fascination of a lady's ankles one suspects him of parody. Otherwise the mistakes are all those of intellect. The first of the three stories "The Siege of Sar" is admirable; the bulk of it a precise and stimulating description of a fight over the hills in North India. One suspects the war correspondent. The man and woman's love story is rightly subservient to the problem of the fight, but it is implicit and, if one may say so, manly; and description and romance twine cleverly and convincingly. The quality is refreshing in these times when the majority of novelists put in their descriptive bits in a jerk, as if they had suddenly remembered that the time had come for a bit of nature padding. The second story "Her Reputation" is as oppressive as "The Siege of Sar" is stimulating. It might stand as a type of perverted intellect. An imperious, unreal character is developed with relentless skill, but the zeal of the intellectual occupation has made the author forget both pleasantness and probability. The same sort of intellectual ardour, not in a character, but in a problem marks the last of the three tales "The Measure of a Man". Is it heroic for a man deliberately to pretend for a lifetime the love that is not in him? The zest of the telling inspires some keenness for the solution; and when it is reached one is glad to find that "The Plague of the Heart" is not a servant-girlish but a humorous title. The suggestion is that sentiment is a bit of a nuisance.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Registrum Oriense: an Account of the Members of Oriel College, Oxford." Vol. II.: 1701-1900. Collected and arranged by Charles Lancelot Shadwell, D.C.L., late Fellow of Oriel College. London: Frowde. 1902. 12s. 6d. net.

Dr. Shadwell is to be congratulated on the completion of his Oriel Register, a work distinguished by minute knowledge and most patient care. We could wish that his preface had been somewhat longer: as it is, he manages in eight pages to make a valuable contribution to the history of the College for which he has done so much. The body of the book consists of a brief chronological list of nearly 4,000 names, with particulars of their bearers' parentage, college and University records, and—in some cases—a short note on their subsequent careers. While it is obviously necessary in any such record to adopt strict rules and to exclude much accessible information, we do not quite see why some members of the College should be credited with their literary work, while others, including the great Bishop Butler and Gilbert White of Selborne, are treated as though they had never written. The list does not include Fellows of the College elected from outside, and this self-denying ordinance compels Dr. Shadwell to omit such diverse men as Hartley Coleridge, Keble, Newman, Thomas Arnold, Provost Hawkins, Edward Freeman, Bishop Fraser, and Matthew Arnold—to take a very few from a list that is long and honourable. We believe that as a matter of fact, when the Oriel Senior Common-room was the centre of the Oxford movement, undergraduate Oriel hunted and rowed very much like the rest of the undergraduate world, and perhaps it may be argued that the Register as it stands gives the truest idea of the life of the college from the point of view of the majority of its members.

"Round the Horn Before the Mast." By Basil Lubbock. London: Murray. 1902. 8s. net.

Mr. Basil Lubbock belongs to the class of man who in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries would have been described as an adventurer. He seeks physical hardships and excitements for their own sake. His book is a description of a period before the mast following on a rough time in the Klondyke. It is the more interesting because it is a reminder that the nautical conditions of Marryat's day have not altogether disappeared from the face of the waters. There was a surfeit of roughing it aboard the "Royalshire"; there is quite a respectable sprinkling of the grand old sea-dog oaths in Mr. Lubbock's book, but the harshest thing the Captain could think of to call the mate when something went wrong with the foreyards was "You're only a steamboat sailor, that's what you are, a blasted bridge stanchion." And yet the poor mate had never been on a steamer in his life.

"A Child's History of England." By Charles Dickens. Illustrated by Patten Wilson. London: Dent. 5s. net.

There is apparently still a demand for this work, merely because Dickens wrote it, and the form in which it is now produced will probably attract new purchasers. We cannot commend it as history, and we do not like the new illustrations which accompany it. They seem to us worthy of the book.

"Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature." Edited by David Patrick (Edinburgh: Chambers. 10s. 6d. net) is the second volume of the new illustrated edition which we noticed recently. It is done on popular lines, and will no doubt find its place on a good many revolving book-cases.—The second volume of "The Climate and Baths of Great Britain" (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net) deals with the climates of London and the central and northern parts of England, together with those of Wales and Ireland. Dr. Ewart writes on London. He declares that the water supply is the most important question of the day and one intimately related to that of sewage. He recalls the terrible warnings of Worthing and Maidstone in this connexion. Who is responsible for the state of the Wandle at the present time? What was a lovely trout stream is becoming an open drain. Little did Ruskin know what the Wandle was to come to when he flamed with righteous passion over the incipient stages of its pollution!—"Royalty in All Ages" by Mr. Thiselton-Dyer (Nimmo. 1902) is an account of the movements, eccentricities, superstitions and frolics of kings and queens of Europe. Mr. Dyer has the good taste to rule living kings and queens out of his list.—Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt" has been issued by Messrs. Brimley Johnson in a revised edition (7s. 6d. net) to which Mr. George Meredith supplies a short introduction. "Lucie Duff Gordon," he says, "was of the order of women of whom a man of many years may say that their like is to be met but once or twice in a lifetime." The frontispiece is a portrait of distinction of Lady Gordon.—"The Holy City, Athens and Egypt" by Sir Walter Charley (Marshall. 10s. 6d.) is chiefly a description of Sir William and Lady Charley's experiences of Jerusalem.—"Dovedale Revisited" (Sampson Low. 2s. 6d.) is a little volume of chatty and ingenuous sketches chiefly of angling days by

"The Amateur Angler". It is so fresh and genuine that it makes the angler who reads it get out and overhaul his tackle against next season. "The Book of the House" (Dent, 1902) by Felix Noël recalls Stockton's "Rudder Grange"—which by the way for some of us does not seem nearly so funny if read a second time—and tells of the early housekeeping experiences of a young married pair in a country village. There is the usual married man and the usual mother-in-law of tradition here, and the ordinary difficulties of pipes and pumps.—"A History and Description with Reminiscences of the Fox Terrier" (Cox, 3s. 6d.) by Rawdon B. Lee is the fourth edition enlarged. It treats of the fox terrier largely from the dog-show point of view. Mr. Lee remarks on the undoubted fact that the extreme popularity of the fox terrier which set in twenty years ago is not on the wane.—In "Thoreau the Poet Naturalist" (Boston, U.S.A.: Goodspeed) W. E. Channing dwells on a mass of detail connected with the author of "Walden". We are inclined to think the book might with advantage have been considerably shortened, though it is entertaining in many parts. Mr. Channing produces a quantity of Thoreau's minute notes: he seems to have been a great note-writer.—"A Popular History of the Ancient Britons or the Welsh People" (Elliot Stock, 10s. 6d. net.) is by the Rev. John Evans. We question whether a work of this kind is likely to be popular: we wish it were. Mr. Evans has been at much pains to extract the truth only from the mass of material which he has consulted, in much of which the mythical predominates. He gives an account of the earliest Welsh literature.—"D'Horsay or The Follies of the Day." By a Man of Fashion (Downey, 10s. 6d. net). This is the first reprint of "D'Horsay" we fancy that has appeared for some time, and those who are entertained by the dandies and the bon-mots of the Blessington Salon period will probably be glad to have Mr. Grego's introduction. We are rather shy, however, of such expressions as "his eminent colleagues of the quill".—"How to Form a Library." By H. B. Wheatley. Popular Edition (Stock, 1s. 6d. net) is a pleasant chatter about bookish matters. One chapter, which we might dispense with, is called "One Hundred Books". Sir John Lubbock and—in this matter—his prototype Auguste Comte are treated over seriously by Mr. Wheatley. Besides both are out of date. Nowadays in place of the mock Rapins, which were once used for filling up vacancies in the shelves, we can have the bound yearly volumes of some of the best and most popular periodicals of the time. Is not wealth of knowledge and art for a few shillings at the service of anyone who places on his shelves bound volumes of, say, "T.P.'s Weekly", "Sloper", "Country Life", and "The Sunday Reader"? Pure literature, humour, high art and theology for the family circle were never so accessible as they are to-day.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Les Défautes Horribles. Par "Trim". Paris and London: Hachette, 1902. 15. 50c.

"Trim" is famous for his picture-books; and "Les Défautes Horribles" is a capital example of his art. "Trim" is at once moral and gay: so here, Simon, "Trim's" hero, is made amusing as well as cowardly. It is not Simon's fault that he is cowardly; from infancy upwards he has been told terrible stories which have rendered him so timid and nervous that he starts at his own shadow and runs away from ducks. In later years he runs away from the enemy, is court-martialled—and lo! he suddenly turns into a hare. Moral: do not allow nurses and others to terrify children with blood-curdling tales. "Trim's" pictures and verses are delightfully humorous, and his "annual" may justly be described as one of his greatest triumphs.

Œuvres Complètes de Paul Bourget. Tome V. Romans: Une Idylle Tragique; La Duchesse Bleue. Paris: Plon, 1902. 7f. 50c.

"Magistrale" is the only epithet to apply to the two short novels contained in this volume. The word is untranslatable: means more than "masterly"; has a special significance; and so we must rest content with describing both "Une Idylle Tragique" and "La Duchesse Bleue" as "magistrale". M. Paul Bourget at his finest! And yet "fine" (in the French sense) is rarely the right word to apply to M. Bourget's writings. He is more powerful than fine. He is deep, he is profound—save in the case of "L'Étape". Fineness, in his novels, only appears in the delineation of a particularly feminine and emotional character; Madame Carlsberg in "Une Idylle Tragique" and Camille Favier (but less so) in "La Duchesse Bleue". The heroine in "Mensonges", "Cruelle Enigme", and "Un Cœur de Femme" does not strike us as a "fine" creation; in each case she is an ordinary woman who goes through a tragedy in an ordinary manner, that is, her passion and her awakening and her grief are at no time subtle. She errs, and she suffers—and her life becomes grey. She remains

under a shadow. We doubt whether the shadow will ever dissolve. Et voilà tout. But Madame Carlsberg and Camille Favier are essentially subtle women, in their separate ways. The first, a grande dame, with a scientific and unsympathetic husband, becomes the mistress of Pierre Hautefeuille, a delicate young man. Nothing crude or common about their liaison: it is a veritable romance. Blind is Pierre's belief in the virtue of his mistress, and with reason. We say with reason, in spite of the fact that Madame Carlsberg has had a liaison with Olivier du Prat. But that liaison was formed almost unintelligibly; one of those strange unaccountable French liaisons which M. Bourget loves to analyse. Of course Pierre ignores the liaison, which was a brief one. Now, almost a holy friendship exists between Olivier and Pierre: immediately we know this we also know that the secret will be disclosed, thus bringing a dramatic situation. And disclosed it is: and Pierre resolves never to see Madame Carlsberg again. Thus is a woman sacrificed to a friendship. Nothing could be more powerful than M. Bourget's treatment of the situation. The scenes between Pierre and Olivier, and Madame Carlsberg and Pierre and Olivier, are grand in their tragedy. Madame Carlsberg's grief is a great, an overwhelming grief. And the keynote of tragedy is struck when Pierre returns to his mistress one night, and her husband, now suspicious, determines to shoot him when he takes his leave. The story to be told afterwards is that he mistook Pierre for a burglar. But Olivier, hearing that Pierre has returned to his mistress, follows him; and it is Olivier who is shot dead. This time Madame Carlsberg and Pierre part for ever. "Toujours quand elle a voulu prendre la plume pour se rapprocher de lui encore une fois, quelque chose l'en a empêchée; et quelque chose a toujours arrêté Pierre, quand il a voulu lui donner seulement un signe de son existence. Un mort est entre ces deux vivants, qui, jamais, jamais, ne s'en ira."

Such, briefly, is the chief story in "Une Idylle Tragique"; but the love affair and marriage between Corancey, a worldly and artful Méridional, and the Marquise Bonaccorsi, a sentimental Italian, should also be noticed. However, in the limited space at our disposal, it is impossible to do more than express our admiration for the striking manner in which M. Bourget reveals the qualities of those two characters. Corancey is especially well conceived. Then, we have "Dickie" Marsh, the American millionaire, and his daughter, Florrie Marsh, who are made skilfully, but at no time extravagantly, to betray Americanisms. (In passing let us express surprise at so travelled and cultivated a writer as M. Bourget calling an Englishwoman "Mistress".) The scenes on "Dickie" Marsh's yacht are both depressing and entertaining, and one of the finest scenes in the book is the first, which describes "le Tout Europe" at Monte Carlo. Pessimistic, of course, the novel is; and even profoundly so. Two lives have been wrecked, must remain wrecked. Corancey and his wife in no way illuminate the darkness. Although Florrie Marsh marries, her destination is America. Other characters cross the Atlantic. And what could be an unhappier fate?

We are not sure that "La Duchesse Bleue" is not even more "magistrale". Certainly, the tragedy is greater; the pessimism bitterer. A wonderful creation is Jacques Molan, the vain, selfish, sensuous, and highly successful playwright. His latest triumph is "La Duchesse Bleue", in which Camille Favier plays the title-rôle. A young charming and virtuous actress until she meets Jacques Molan, whom she straightaway adores. Consequently, a liaison. And Molan is faithless again and again: and Camille suffers and suffers, and pours out her sufferings to Vincent de la Croix, Molan's friend. Vincent, however, is refined and chivalrous; pities, but ends by loving, Camille. In order to comfort her he professes to ignore Molan's liaison with a corrupt woman of the world, Madame de Bonnavet. Impossible not to esteem and admire Camille; regret that she should care for such an impertinent coxcomb as Molan. We know of no author who could more vividly reveal Molan's impudence and egotism and heartlessness, his prodigious vanity; and of no author who could create the situation of Camille saving her lover and his mistress from M. de Bonnavet with complete success. Here, M. Bourget's talent becomes veritable genius. It was Madame de Bonnavet's cruel scheme to cause a rupture between Camille and Molan, and then cast Molan aside. She succeeds, and Molan, fatuous as ever, thinks that he has only to beckon for Camille to return to him. But Camille has suffered too bitterly. Her spirit is broken, she is depressed and she is demoralised. Why go "straight"? Why not live like other actresses, and in thus living seek forgetfulness. Camille becomes the mistress of "le gros Tournade", a wealthy barbarian. Camille returns Molan's letter unopened.

Years pass, then Vincent de la Croix meets Molan, who is married. And at this point appear all M. Bourget's inborn irony and pessimism. Molan's vanity has been wounded by Madame de Bonnavet's treatment of him; and he resolves to have his revenge. How? By a play, in which his late mistress shall be mercilessly exposed. But who shall play the part? No other than Camille! Vincent de la Croix objects that Camille will never lend herself to such proceedings; but Molan laughs, declares that Camille has changed and become

like other actresses. "Elle a pris amant sur amant, depuis Tournade: Philippe de Vardes, Machault, Roland de Brève, tout le monde, pour finir par le petit duc le Lautrec, qui dépense pour elle, deux cent mille francs par an." So, Camille the charming has completely fallen. The good devoted kind-hearted sympathetic Camille of years ago has become a greedy courtesane. Vincent de la Croix still hopes that some of the old Camille is left in the flashy Camille, and so undertakes to visit her on Molan's behalf and ask her to appear in his play. How he hopes that she, outraged at the proposition, will rage against Molan. Nothing of the kind! Let us quote the following fine passage: "J'y suis allé chez Camille, cette Camille 'd'après tout le monde', pour prendre un des horribles mots de son ancien amant. Je l'ai revue, cette tête que j'ai tant aimé, encadrée cette fois dans ce luxe ignoble qui contrastait si cruellement pour moi avec l'humble et fière simplicité de la rue de la Barouillère. Et elle-même . . . était-ce cette même femme qui me recevait riieuse, insolente de bravade, sans un embarras, toujours belle, adorablement belle, de cette fine et délicate beauté, qu'elle aurait, je crois bien, jusque dans le salon d'un mauvais lieu, mais si provocante, si impudique, maintenant!" Vincent makes "là, brutalement, sans détour,

(Continued on page 818.)

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Nini-la-Fairvette. Par Ernest Daudet. Paris et Londres : Hachette, 1902. 10f.

A Christmas book of adventure, illustrated and handsomely bound. We get handsome young men in eighteenth-century costume, with swords ; and they are chivalrous, they are cavaliers. Of course, bad ones amongst them. And of course, a fair maiden. And of course, a romance. And of course, the romance goes badly but ends happily. As a stylist, indeed as a novelist, we have small admiration for M. Ernest Daudet ; but as a writer of stories for Christmastide, we must admit that he is the superior of the majority of his confrères.

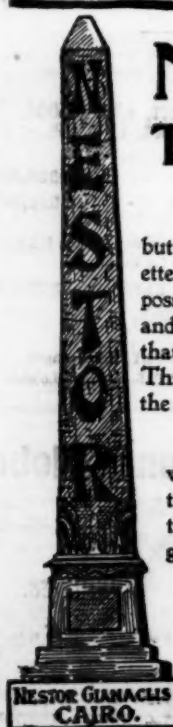
La Revue. 15 décembre. 1f. 30c.

An excellent number. The serial story by M. Abel Hermant, "Confessions d'un Homme d'Aujourd'hui" is well worth reading ; and the paper on the part played by the bourgeois in French drama is an interesting study.

Revue des Deux Mondes. 15 décembre. 3f.

This does not strike us as a particularly interesting number, but a new story by M. Bazin commences which promises well. It deals with peasant life. The most striking article is one by M. de Wyzewa. It is a review of a book compiled by Herr Wertheimer, a laborious Teuton, from family papers which he has obtained access to. These papers consist mainly of notes made at the time by the governor and the tutor of the King of Rome. They leave unfortunately no doubt at all in the mind of any impartial reader that the unfortunate young prince was subjected to very unsympathetic treatment and that the object deliberately aimed at in his education was to eradicate all leaning towards his great father and his people and to turn him out a narrow-minded Hapsburg. The result was to train an open-hearted generous child into a soured and suspicious young man. There are few stories in history sadder than that of the King of Rome. M. Brunetière deals faithfully with the last proceedings of M. Combes towards the religious orders. We have already exposed them in the pages of this Review a fortnight ago.

For This Week's Books see page 820.



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The Life and Work of Sir William B. Richmond, R.A., K.C.B. (Helen Lascelles). "Art Journal" Office. 5s.
 Ruskin on Pictures (Vol. II.). Allen.

FICTION.

A Deal in Diamonds and Other Stories (Joseph Burtt). Hull: Burt Bros. 1s. 6d.
 An Old Country House (Richard Le Gallienne). Richards. 3s. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

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 Sutton's Amateur Guide in Horticulture for 1903. Reading: Sutton.
 The Tanganyika Problem: an Account of the Researches Undertaken concerning the Existence of Marine Animals in Central Africa (J. E. S. Moore). Hurst and Blackett. 25s. net.
 History of the Brocklesby Hounds 1700-1901 (George E. Collins). 35s. net; A History of the North Staffordshire Hounds and Country 1825-1902 (C. J. Blagg). 25s. net. SAMPSON LOW.

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 The Art of Life (Frederick Charles Kolbe). Dublin: Sealy, Bryers and Walker. 2s.

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 Journal of a Tour in the Netherlands in the Autumn of 1815 (Robert Southey). Heinemann.
 Cairo and Egypt, and Life in the Land of the Pharaohs (Sixth Edition). Simpkin, Marshall. 1s.

VERSE.

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 Francesca da Rimini (Gabriele d'Annunzio). Heinemann.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Appointed Time, The (J. Macaulay Brown). Paisley: Gardner. 1s. net.
 Ashanti Goldfields Corporation, Ltd.: Lecture on the Development of Gold Mining on the Corporation's Property in Ashanti (John W. Daw). 6 Southampton Street, Holborn.
 Die Kritik des Intellekts: Positive Erkenntnistheorie (Von Gustav Rakenhoser). Leipzig: Brockhaus. M. 5.
 Dod's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, &c. 1903. Sampson Low. 10s. 6d.
 Journal of Education, The (January to December, 1902). William Rice. 7s. 6d.
 Patrolling in South Africa (Capt. C. F. Vander Byl), 1s. net; Practical Hints for Mounted Infantrymen (Capt. B. L. Anley), 6d. net. GALE AND POLDEN.
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 Village Problem, The (George F. Millin). Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

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 FOR DECEMBER, 1902:—The North American Review, 2s. 6d.; The Economic Journal, 5s. net; East and West, 1 rupee.

NOTICE.—A New Story of Musical Life, "CHRISTIAN THAL," by M. E. FRANCIS, Author of "The Duenna of a Genius," is commenced in the January issue.

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LANGLAAGTE DEEP, LIMITED.

FROM THE DIRECTORS' REPORT FOR QUARTER ENDING
31st OCTOBER, 1902.

Total Yield in Fine Gold from all sources 12,732'092 ozs.
Total Yield in Fine Gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 7'463 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per ton milled.
To Mining Expenses	£28,611 13 3	£0 16 9'266
Milling Expenses	4,166 7 6	0 2 5'327
Cyaniding Expenses	3,692 2 2	0 2 3'449
General Expenses	3,393 17 0	0 1 11'873
Head Office Expenses	860 19 10	0 0 6'059
Working Profit	40,914 19 9	1 3 11'953
	12,489 15 8	0 7 3'858
	£53,424 15 5	£1 11 3'811

Cr.	Value.	Value per ton milled.
By Gold Account	£53,424 15 5	£1 11 3'811

Dr.	Cost.
To Interest	£5,300 15 0
Net Profit	7,180 0 8
	£12,489 15 8

Cr.	Value.
By Balance, Working Profit, brought down	£12,489 15 8

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.
The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £2,308 10s. 1d.
During the period under review the Company's 100,000 Reserve Shares were issued at the price of £4 each, realising £400,000. This sum has been applied in reduction of the Company's indebtedness to the Rand Mines, Limited, which now stands at £229,800.

GLEN DEEP, LIMITED.

From the DIRECTORS' REPORT for the Quarter ending
31st October, 1902.

The Total Yield in fine gold from all sources 7,173'258 ozs.
The Total Yield in fine gold per ton on tonnage milled basis 8'414 dwts.

WORKING EXPENDITURE AND REVENUE.

Dr.	Cost.	Cost per Ton Milled.
To Mining Expenses	£13,153 12 3	£0 15 5'153
Milling Expenses	3,854 19 1	0 4 6'685
Cyaniding Expenses	4,259 2 1	0 5 0'969
General Expenses	2,103 1 1	0 2 5'603
Head Office Expenses	951 11 7	0 1 1'394
Working Profit	24,362 6 1	1 8 6'929
	5,564 7 7	0 6 6'325
	£29,926 13 8	£1 15 1'955

Cr.	Value.	Value per Ton Milled.
By Gold Account	£29,926 13 8	£1 15 1'955

Dr.	Cost.
To Interest	£1,513 3 6
Net Profit	4,051 4 1
	£5,564 7 7

Cr.	Value.
By Balance—Working Profit, brought down	£5,564 7 7

NOTE.—The 10 per cent. Tax on Profits which has been imposed by the Government of the Transvaal has not been allowed for in the above figures.
The Capital Expenditure for the quarter has amounted to £1,772 9s. 2d.
Attention is called to the following Dividend Warrants which had not been presented for payment at 31st July, 1902:—

DIVIDEND No. 1.

No.	NAME.	AMOUNT.
B446	H. St. G. Pencock	£0 3 10
C37	A. Belimbaum	0 0 0
141	F. J. Chamard	5 0 0
201	Vve. S. Cauquil	2 0 0
339	E. Force	2 10 0
375	Vicente G. de Gerard	30 0 0
444	R. Mahyer	2 14 0
727	Victe. R. de R. de la Raffiniere	5 0 0
749	Mme. M. A. de L. Sauvan	2 4 0
772	G. X. Seuechal	1 0 0
823	Mlle. M. Vuillaume	0 8 0
		£42 19 10

CROWN DEEP, LIMITED.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND No. 3.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Interim Dividend of 7½ per cent. (1s. 6d. per share) has been declared by the Board for the period ending 31st December, 1902.

This Dividend will be payable to all Shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 31st December, 1902, and to holders of Coupon No. 3 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to the 7th January, 1903, both days inclusive. The dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., on 4th February, 1903.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of Coupon No. 3, only at the London Office. Coupons must be left Four Clear Days for examination, and will be payable at any time on or after the 4th February, 1903.

By order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
20th December, 1902.

ROBINSON GOLD MINING COMPANY, LIMITED.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND No. 21.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a DIVIDEND of 6 per cent., being 6s. per £5 share, has been declared by the Board for the half-year ending 31st December, 1902.

This Dividend will be payable to all shareholders registered in the Books of the Company at the close of business on 31st December, 1902, and to holder of Coupon No. 16 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer. The Transfer Books will be closed from 1st to the 7th January, 1903, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to European Shareholders from the London Office, and to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, on or about 4th February, 1903.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of Coupon No. 16 at the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.

Coupons will be payable at any time on or after the 4th February, 1903, and must be left Four Clear Days for examination.

By order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
23rd December, 1902.

ROSE DEEP, LIMITED.

DECLARATION OF DIVIDEND No. 3.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an Interim Dividend of 10 per cent. (2s. per share) has been declared by the Board for the period ending 31st December, 1902.

This dividend will be payable to all shareholders registered in the books of the Company at the close of business on 31st December, 1902, and to holders of coupon No. 3 attached to Share Warrants to Bearer. The Transfer books will be closed from 1st to the 7th January, 1903, both days inclusive.

The Dividend will be payable to South African registered Shareholders from the Head Office, Johannesburg, and to European Shareholders from the London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C., on 4th February, 1903.

Holders of Share Warrants to Bearer are informed that they will receive payment of the Dividend on presentation of Coupon No. 3 only at the London Office, or at the Paris Office, Compagnie Française de Mines d'Or et de l'Afrique du Sud, 20 Rue Taibout.

Coupons must be left four clear days for examination, and will be payable at any time on or after the 4th February, 1903. Coupons and Dividend Warrants paid by the London Office to shareholders resident in the United Kingdom will be subject to deduction of the English Income Tax.

Coupons and Dividend Warrants paid by the London Office to Shareholders resident in France, and Coupons paid by the Paris Office, will be subject to a deduction on account of French Transfer Duty and French Income Tax.

By Order of the Board,

ANDREW MOIR, London Secretary.

London Office, 120 Bishopsgate Street Within, E.C.
20th December, 1902.

ASHANTI GOLDFIELDS CORPORATION,
LIMITED.

THE fifth ordinary general meeting of the shareholders was held on Friday at the Holborn Restaurant, Mr. Frederick Gordon, chairman of the company, presiding.

The Secretary, Mr. C. W. Mann, read the notice calling the meeting and the auditors' report.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, stated that as the development proceeded the prospects improved, and the engineers' report showed that as far as any mining proposition could be assured they had before them a growing future.

The revenue from the Sansu Mine alone, which covered only half a square mile out of their 100 square miles based on last month's results, and with only light stamps at work, would give them a return on their 100,000 shares of something like £15,000 a year. The most important occasion of present congratulation was the arrival of the railway on the property. The results in improved and less costly transport could hardly be estimated. The directors had lost no time in arranging for the despatch of heavier and more substantial machinery. Granted a sufficient supply of ore—and of that the engineer was very positive—the crushings would be enormously increased and the cost of recovery of gold materially decreased. He read a letter from the Government engineers, Messrs. Shelford & Son, dated December 18, announcing that locomotives were now steaming within the corporation's property, and that on or very shortly after the New Year the first train would enter Obuasi, the centre of the property, and that machinery could then be conveyed to their headquarters as fast as they cared to send it. The directors had under consideration the formation of a second subsidiary company for working the Korkortaswia Mine. That appeared to be a promising mine, and, like the Sansu, might prove an important addition to their revenue. The financial position set forth in the accounts was satisfactory, for after writing off the whole of the mines development account and other expenditure on capital amounting together to over £200,000, there was still standing to the credit of share premium account £284,000, the major part of which was invested in Government securities. They had, therefore, the funds in hand for the new machinery, and it would not be necessary to make any further issue of shares for that purpose. The directors had received many assurances of approval from shareholders as to the way they had dealt with the share premium account, and up to the present time only one had expressed disapproval. No imputation of motive or insidious attack would deter the board from doing what they considered in the best interests of the shareholders. The directors would take no commission whatever on their premiums; they had not done so and did not intend to do so. They could not foresee five years ago that the property was likely to be as valuable as it now looked. As to the auxiliary company to deal with the new concession, if they might form any opinion from the eagerness of natives and others to secure shares it should prove very satisfactory. The directors were still in agreement with the circular they recently issued as to the payment of a dividend in January next. They had decided not to make payments of dividend at any fixed dates, but as soon as the funds in their hands amounted to a sum of not less than 5s. per share to make a distribution among the shareholders. Mr. J. W. Daw, C.E., general manager and engineer, gave details of the most recent operations on the corporation's property and of the new machinery which it was proposed to put up, and after a short conversation the report was unanimously adopted.

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